

## McGill, Cambridge Debaters Battle In Moyse Hall Tonight

"Where's The D. H. Lawrence?"



Santa visited the Library yesterday, but even he could not get into the UL without a card. He browsed around the Book Club until a groundskeeper came in screaming, "I don't care who you are, Fat Boy, get those reindeer off the Lower Campus."

## Football Coach Bewley Will Succeed Coulter

by LEW MOSS  
Sports Editor

Bill Bewley has been appointed head football coach of the Redmen for the 1962 season. The appointment was announced by Athletics Director Harry Griffiths at a press conference.

The 30-year old Bewley, a veteran of eight seasons with the Alouettes, succeeds former Alouette teammate Bruce Coulter, who is now athletics director at Bishop's

considered, including members from the past year's coaching staff, as well as various coaches from the surrounding area.

### MEETS TEAM

Tom Skyeck, Steve Longstaff, and a few other members of the 1961 team were on hand Wednesday to welcome and congratulate Coach Bewley. Tom and Bill spent some time together during the evening getting acquainted and talking over the Redmen's last season, as well as some possible modifications in the team's attack for the 1962 year.

When approached as to his intentions for the '62 season, Bewley would not take a definite stand, saying "It's a little early to think about next year but I would say that with fellows like Tom Skyeck and Willie Lambert we will be primarily a passing team."

Bewley, a native of Hamilton, played college ball with Toronto Blues; "which," quipped Mr. Griffiths, "is the only thing we have against Bill." Bewley turned "pro" with the Calgary Stampeders in 1953 and joined the Montreal Alouettes the next year.



BILL BEWLEY

University. Bewley's appointment came after over a month of discussion among the members of the athletic board, in which numerous capable and experienced men were

He was an Eastern all-star in 1957 and 1958, culminating his con- (continued on page 17)

Tonight representatives from Cambridge University will take on two of McGill's best debaters to dispute the topic: "Resolved that the West is fighting a losing battle". Brahm Campbell and Stuart Smith of McGill will uphold the affirmative; Leon Brittan and David Saunders of Cambridge will advocate the negative.

This is the second in a series of public debates sponsored by the Debating Union under the direction of Myer Shimelman. In the past two years McGill debaters have defeated Oxford University and two teams from Harvard.

The decision tonight will be rendered by a house vote. The audience will be asked to declare the winner by voting. A question period will follow the debate.

### THE DEBATERS

Brahm Campbell, a fourth year Law student, has been awarded the Gold Key, which is the highest debating award attainable at McGill. He is a former member of the Debating Union Executive, a former editorial writer for the Daily, and has been a finalist in every major public speaking contest at McGill. Last year, he was a member of the successful team which defeated Harvard in a public debate.

Stuart Smith, another Gold Key debater, is a fourth year Medical student. He is a former President of the McGill Students' Society, a past Chairman of the McGill Conference on World Affairs, and a McGill representative in intercollegiate tournaments. He presently serves as Chairman of the New Union Committee.

### CAMBRIDGE MEN

Leon Brittan, now reading Law at Cambridge, is a former President of the Cambridge Union Society and a former Chairman of the Cambridge University Conservative Association. He has written a weekly column in Varsity and intends to become a barrister-at-law.

David Saunders, now reading for his Diploma of Education, is a former Vice-President of the Cambridge Union Society and a former

Chairman of the Labour Club. He also has written a weekly column in Varsity and intends to become a teacher of modern languages.

The Cambridge team has just completed a successful tour in the United States. The debate tonight, December 12, will be the last in their current tour. All students are invited to attend, 8:30 pm, in Moyse Hall.

## Scarlet Key Names 24 New Members For Coming Year

The Scarlet Key has announced the appointment of 24 students as active members of the Key during the coming year.

Arts and Science has the highest representation, with seven students appointed. They are: Jack Brandes, Jerry M. Cohen, Larry Conochie, Michael Feiner, Lewis Moss, Ralph Steinman, and Moses Znamier.

Peter King, David Binmore, and David P. McKittrick have been named in Engineering.

Commerce students Richard J. Kaiser, Ian G. Monteith, and Marvin Blauer have been appointed.

In the graduate faculties, Michael Barza, Richard J. Coburn, and Bernard G. Forget were appointed from Medicine; Mark Rosenstein and Jim O'Reilly from Law; Douglas Black and Don Kramer from Dentistry; Ted MacDonald and Fred Palmer from Architecture; Edward G. Furcha from Divinity; and Robert Amaron from Graduate Studies.

### SELECTION

These appointments were made by a selection committee, consisting of the President of the Scarlet Key, the Vice-President, another active member elected for this purpose, the President of the Students' Society, the University Student Counsellor, and a senior member of the Faculty.

In appointing 24 students to the Key, the Committee came very close to admitting the maximum number possible — 25 — according to the constitution.

Criteria for selection was largely based on the purpose of the Scarlet Key Honour Society, which is to honour and recognize scholastic, athletic, and extra-curricular achievements among students displaying "scholarship, honour, excellence, leadership and devotion to duty". Some definite quality of distinction in intellect, character or athletic ability was an important consideration. Success in being elected to office in student organizations was not considered as evidence of leadership. The determining factor was sincerity and initiative.

### Costumes

The Santa Claus suit appearing in today's Daily was loaned to our photography department by MALABAR COSTUMIER LIMITED, 422 Notre Dame West, Telephone VI. 5-8169.

## Revue Needs Men—Auditions Still Open

The Red and White Revue desperately needs men, preferably McGill students who can act, sing or dance a little. Female leads, Judy Cohen and Pearl Cantor, have already been cast.

Director-Choreographer Jack Ketchum was extremely impressed by the hordes of attractive and talented young ladies who auditioned, but stated that he must audition more men before he can begin to cast the show.

The two male leads, not yet cast, are Tony, who plays two love scenes in the production, and must therefore be a romantic personality, and an elderly student who will play the second male lead, the part of a man of 40 or 50.

Featuring all-student cast of between 25 and 30, this year's show is being written by Rob Kelder and Peter Scuphan, with music by Bill Benjamin.

Kelder, a student at the Conservatory of Music, appeared in "Got It Made", and last year's Red and White Revue show "O Kennedy". Scuphan, a native of Bermuda, was seen with the Players' Club in

"Under Milk Wood", and in "O Kennedy". Benjamin, also a student at the Conservatory, is a first year Arts student.

Sets and lighting will be designed by Tom Pound, who designed "Adam" and "The Sacrifice of Isaac" for the English Department, and "Thieves' Carnival" for the Players' Club.

The setting of the Revue is an antique store, but the name of the production remains a mystery. However, Revue officials assured the Daily it will not be called "My Fair Fancy", "Got It Made", "My Fur Lady", "Reign or Shine". It is also not a method musical or an avant garde musical. Other than that, everything is tentative until opening night.

This year's Red and White Revue says, "Life is just one fool thing after another. Love is just two fool things after each other."

## Daily Party Friday

Notice is hereby given that all Daily staffers and associated hangers-on are invited to a gala soiree to highlight the close of the first term's activities. Festivities will commence in the early Friday evening and will take place in the Cro-Magnon House Workshop. They will end in the early morning but the exact location cannot be guaranteed.



# McMaster Editor Resigns

HAMILTON (CUP) — David Hitchcock, Editor-in-Chief of the *Silhouette*, McMaster campus newspaper, resigned last week because of a series of actions by the chairman of the Board of Publications. Hitchcock charged that the actions were "in direct contradiction to the present constitution of the Board of Publications".

In his letter of resignation, he charged that the chairman Robert McGowan, had arbitrarily and without the approval of the board taken action concerning not only the *Silhouette*, but also the *Marmon* (the yearbook) and the *Muse* (the literary magazine).

He stated that the chairman had removed names from the circulation list, given orders on the page size and number of pages for the *Marmon* without the approval of the editor concerned, provided for one *Muse* in the budget instead of two and attempted to force the *Silhouette* not to publish news copy on "certain subjects".

## UNCONSTITUTIONAL

Hitchcock went on to say that these actions were "in direct contradiction to the present constitution of the Board of Publications. It is an arbitrary decision carried out without the approval, without the consultation, without even the intention of consultation of the BOP, the responsible authority on the running of all student publications."

"If you continue such a course", he concluded, "the function of the editors is going to suffer drastic change. Surely such a change must be decided by the appropriate authority, namely the Board of Publications with the approval of Students' Council, not by the whims of one man."

Mr. McGowan offered no comment on the situation.

## COMMENTS

Early Tuesday morning, Mr. Hitchcock commented on his resignation: "I hope the situation clears itself up in the immediate future; I certainly don't intend this as a permanent resignation. It is merely to get some action on a situation that is out of hand." He suggested that this could

become a case where the Canadian University Press Investigation Commission could act, although he added "I don't intend to call for the services of the committee as yet."

The names removed from the circulation list of the weekly paper were those of last year's editor, Mike Walton, an associate editor, Ron Fotheringham, and a reporter, Don Miller.

# Statistics Released By Treasure Van

In a final report on Treasure Van, it was announced that \$6,200 was collected this year, almost double last year's sales.

Dave Miller, Van chairman, accepted a silver foil presented to the McGill Treasure Van committee for their success this year by Joseph O'Sullivan, national supervisor and chief purchaser throughout Canada. Miller expressed his gratitude to the many people from McGill and the public at large, who gave their support to the project.

He specifically mentioned Richard Deckelbaum, his vice-chairman, and the committee: Mary Ellen Hebb, sales manager; Lorne Ruby, in charge of the official opening; Diane Abbey, invitations; Peetie LeBreton, Roz Saginur and Reford MacDougall, publicity; and

Joyce Terrell, sales manager for Marianapolis.

He revealed that all profits from Treasure Van go to implement the World University Service's International Programme of Action. This includes buying books and setting up mimeographing and printing presses in underdeveloped countries, where the cost of texts is exorbitantly high; building residences; and supplying health facilities for students, in areas plagued by dysentery, malaria, or tuberculosis.

## TWIST PARTY

The ASUS Executive announces a TWIST Party, to be held in the Cro-Magnon Ballroom on Friday, December 15, 1 pm. The "Hounds" will be featured. Admission is 25¢ and all are welcome.

# UBC Names President, First Woman Chancellor

Changes at the top of the University of British Columbia's administrative staff have brought a new president and the first woman chancellor in the University's history.

Mrs. Frank Ross, wife of one of British Columbia's former Lieutenant Governors, was also the first chancellor to be elected at the school. Almost 10,000 ballots were cast at a convocation last month, in order to determine who would fill the chancellorship. Formerly the post was filled by appointment.

## NEW PRESIDENT

One of the first duties of the new chancellor was to announce appointment of Dr. John B. MacDonald, Professor of microbiology at Harvard University, as the new president of the University. Dr. N. A. M. MacKenzie, the incumbent president, announced on November 27 that he would retire from his post in July of this coming year.

Dr. MacDonald is a graduate of the Universities of Toronto, Columbia, Illinois, and New York. He graduated from the U. of T. with a degree in dental surgery and received his Ph.D. in bacte-

riology from Columbia University, New York.

# Engineering Student Alan Hill Awarded Surveyer Medal

A McGill Engineering student, Alan Stanley Hill, has been named one of the first recipients of the Arthur Surveyer gold medal and prize.

Hill, 22, is in his fifth year engineering here. Gaston Lafontaine, a graduate of the Ecole Polytechnique, received a similar award at the same time.

The two prizes are to be awarded annually to engineering students at McGill and the Ecole Polytechnique. The recipient is selected by the university, with his academic standing, general character and future potential being taken into consideration.

# PREVIEWS

## Wednesday, Dec. 13

### SOCIALIST SOCIETY

Talk: "East Germany and Berlin: the Communist Viewpoint" by Max Rush, Quebec organizer of the Communist Party of Canada. Club Room, Union, 1 pm.

## Thursday, Dec. 14

### HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Professor Cecil Currie will discuss "Has History Laws?" Council Room, 8 pm.

## CHRISTIAN SCIENCE ORGANIZATION

Meeting, SCM House, 3625 Oxenden, 1 pm.

## Friday, Dec. 15

### CHRISTMAS BASKET DANCE

Dance sponsored by Christmas Basket Campaign, refreshments. Tickets available at Union Box Office, \$1 each. Union Ballroom, 8 pm.

## Wednesday, Dec. 20

### DUPLICATE BRIDGE CLUB

Last tournament before Christmas, Union Cafeteria, 7:15 pm.

### MCGILL OUTING CLUB

House will be open all through Christmas vacation. Free ski lessons start January 1.

## Thursday, Dec. 21

### WEST INDIAN SOCIETY

Xmas Party, 8 pm - 2 am, Union Ballroom.

# CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

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# THOREAU



## A YANKEE IN CANADA

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## Look What The Cats Dragged In!



Pearl Cantor and Judy Cohen, the two female leads in this year's Red and White Revue, struggle violently to get Peter Scuphan to attend rehearsals for the play. Scuphan is one of the writers of this year's effort and had to be forced to witness his creation. Casting will continue during this week and some top-billing positions are still unfilled.

**dreamy**

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Perfectly-matching sweaters and slim slacks. Girls with the right fashion answers choose this beautiful jumbo-knit Shetlantex cardigan with its colourful Jacquard front panel. New Wevenit slim slacks dyed-to-match. Stunning Fall colours. Cardigan, 36-42... \$14.98, slim slacks, 8-20... \$14.98. At good shops everywhere.

Without this label  it is not a genuine Kitten.

# Liberals Take Sir George

Students elected a minority Liberal government last week at Sir George Williams University, where "politics is a very serious business".

The Liberals, who will be headed by president Brian Marley-Clarke, won 22 seats of the 50 in the house. They received 44% of the 1,051 votes cast by Sir George students.

The New Democratic Party and the Progressive Conservatives each won 14 seats in the house.

The Liberals have won the elections at SGWU for the last five

years, but have lost some ground compared to last year's elections figures. They held 28 seats last year. The left wing party held 14 seats, a figure that has remained the same this year, while the Progressive Conservatives have gained some seats.

The model parliament, which will be held in February in order to give the government and opposition plenty of time to prepare, will be run on an extremely serious basis. Two sessions will be held — one on Friday evening, the other all day Saturday.

"I believe Sir George is becoming a more conservative university," said Morley-Clarke. "In the past, we've had more leftist leanings; the NDP and before them the CCF have always had a strong following."

Discussing the possibility of a PC-NDP coalition, he said, "I feel that if there is any coalition, it

would have to be with us, not with each other, I don't feel it would be politically expedient for the PC's to join with the NDP."

## PC'S Win Western Model Parliament

LONDON (CUP) — The Progressive Conservatives defeated the Liberals in the University of Western Ontario Model Parliament elections November 29.

The PC's win was close — they had only a margin of 61 votes, despite the fact that they won in four of the university's colleges.

The Conservatives won 42 seats, the Liberals took 39, and the New Democratic party took nine. Independents won six seats.

Harry Sterling, Chairman of the Inter-Political Council, revealed that this year's vote was up by 20 per cent from last year. The medical school — which went Liberal — was up 30 per cent and Huron — which went Conservative — was up 40 per cent.

### NATURALLY PLEASED

Sterling said "the increase in the Independent vote might be construed by some to be a protest vote against the policies of the parties on campaign".

He also noted "the New Democratic Party, the only party strongly opposing nuclear arms, gained only one seat over last year".

## Canines Frustrated On Graduates' Row By Grounds Dept

In a drastic move to eliminate the great influx of canine quadrupeds from the McGill campus, the Grounds Department has been forced to remove the trees from Graduates' Row.

Although we feel this to be the major reason for the destruction of the stately shade-producers, it has been further explained that the aging guardians of the campus are suffering from the dread Dutch Elm disease fostered in an outlying suburban district (Westmount).

### RESEARCH

However, an observant Botany 100 student, doing research for a Christmas term paper, concluded that the trees are not Elms at all, but American Maples — an obscure variety of Dandylionus Africanus.

In fact, it is believed that the dismantled trees will be stored behind the rostrum in Moyse Hall, and will serve to heat the Arts Building in the long winter months ahead.



**"Women are inferior"**  
So says George S. Albee in this week's Saturday Evening Post. He tells why they're inferior. And gives his recipe for putting "the little beasts" in their place. (P.S.: Mr. Albee is happily married.)

SPECIAL: 1962 CALENDAR PAGES  
Dec. 16 issue The Saturday Evening POST now on sale.

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INTERVIEWS WITH REPRESENTATIVES ON

**January 11, 12, 1962**

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**MANAGING BOARD**  
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**IN CHARGE OF THIS ISSUE**  
Joy Fenston (news desk) Fonora, Loose, rp, one over-worked Carlo, Mr. Dalla-Rosa of Sir George fame, Miss Kpupsk, Mr. Coupland, who wasn't wanted after all (for the African Society, that is) and sundry other useless news staffers. The Garth (underset features department) Mew (sports) and Max and Cynthia and Bobo and Lindalee and normally and enn and Tom Knock wood and Steve. Dave Davies (photos) and the Honorable Michael Goldstein and Mr. R. of Moral Rearm. made an appearance. Front page picture by Davey and Burstyn — "Davey took the picture while Burstyn posed — he's such a little dear". The Physiocrats and their main connections with early and later economic thought have been expelled from Sigma Sigma Sigma. This lengthy effort is a courtesy of our special literary issue.

DECEMBER 12, 1961

## Out Of Season

Peace on earth, good will towards men. This is certainly the season for it, but somehow the spirit seems to have been lost along the way. The case in question is that of strained relations between student officials of McGill and the U of M over current crises in the "two-faced" sociological survey.

At the recent NFCUS regional conference, all hope of a joint presentation of survey briefs from both French and English speaking universities was seemingly smothered by a U of M veto of the proposition. Although the French-speaking undertaking is equally represented by Laval, the University of Sherbrooke, and the U of M, each university individually holds the right of veto, a prerogative wielded by the U of M alone not only to overthrow the principle of a joint presentation but also to sabotage any investigation of the possibilities of such a submission.

We call this the "current" crisis because it is only the most recent in a long chain of difficulties arising out of U of M dissension. The most obvious of these to the on-looker was the surprising schedule of separate press conferences to announce basically identical student enterprises. Investigating behind the official screen of cordiality, we found that although a joint unveiling of the project had been planned, last minute objections from the U of M had precipitated another split in student efforts.

We cannot think of any intelligent excuse for this policy of exclusion and blank obstinacy on the part of our neighbours across the mountain. They have nothing to lose, except possibly a little limelight from the participation of universities such as McGill in an undertaking the results of which may concern the Quebec student world as a whole.

The only possible reason we can find for such behaviour is that Separatism in some shape or form is influencing the judgement of U of M student leaders. Seemingly following such a policy Le Quartier Latin, the student newspaper, recently pulled out of CUP on the grounds that not enough communiques were delivered in French — a grievance of questionable validity when countered by the assurances of other French-speaking universities to the Daily that they were perfectly happy with the inter organizational treatment of language differences.

In enforcing segregational policies in a strictly provincial matter — a sociological survey carried on in Quebec alone — the U of M seems to be advocating secession not only from the national milieu but also from its own natural environment, even to the point of possible discord with other French-speaking universities. At a time when the importance of unity is being stressed on all fronts, the U of M seems to prefer outright isolation, to what advantage we cannot imagine, but to what detriment we can easily foretell.

## Just What I Always Wanted!



As I See It

## The Moment of Impact

by GERRY POST

Peter slammed the vault-like door shut with an exertion he never imagined himself capable of — it required considerable force to keep that mob of "optimistic neighbours" from forcing their way in, but he and his family, along with his best friend, Mike, were safe. "Now who's laughing?" he smugly thought to himself.

"Listen Pete... there are a lot of kids out there! If the only way I can save my skin is by doing this, I'm not so sure I'm interested."

"Sit down and relax Mike... what time is it?"

"Two-fifteen... I was sound asleep... look Pete don't you see that my staying here means that everything I have ever believed in, everything that has given life its meaning will go up in smoke just like..."

"Smoke!" Peter remembered aloud, he walked over to the air purifier and turned on the switch. "Thank goodness they were loud enough this time, I was so drowsy... I thought it was all just a bad dream. At least Mike we can be grateful that our boys are up there getting back at those filthy..."

"I'm not so sure... I'm not so sure just how happy I am about that."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

Mike loosened his tie, "You know Pete, I love the virtues of democracy just as much as the next guy... still I'm not convinced that the preservation of its privileges is a greater good than the evil involved in the wholesale slaughter of people."

"Unfortunately Mike, that utilitarian philosophy of yours has no influence on a regime which is only interested in its own survival and doesn't give an inkless ballpoint worth of care for the lives of its own citizens, let alone ours. What about the morality of what we were doing? Of course not, it was either kill the enemy or else accept his tyranny!"

"I would not accept tyranny!"

"Then you would have done just as we did last time, and just as we're doing now."

"Not me Pete... I won't fight battles for, or against, power hungry individuals. I would have defended myself only at my front doorstep... at the precise point where the enemy is visible, where he has a rifle levelled at my head. Turn the radio up louder, I can't hear anything... how long did they say it would take to get here?"

"The volumes at full blast now, the batteries are brand new... five minutes ago the announcer sounded panic stricken, I can't blame him, he'd be a fool to stay at that microphone... Look pal, I fail to see the difference between a gun under your nose and an equally effective weapon which is standing on its launching pad thou-

sands of miles away, nab the guy who'll pull the trigger."

"I would get him... if I could be sure that, at the same time, I would not be destroying others who have nothing to do with rockets, rifles, triggers or buttons."

"In short, Mike, you're telling me that you'd rather risk death than live with the knowledge that your survival is due only to a superior bomb-shelter and the fact that we have more bombs than they do."

"Yes."

"O.K., chum, shall I open the door to let you out and give someone else a chance?"

At that moment, my cute but clumpy companion tripped and pulled the television cord... reality and morality had at last found their common destiny in a rapidly fading multi-patterned kaleidoscope of confusion.

COME TO THE

## FLYING CARPET INTERNATIONAL REVUE

Time: 8:30 P.M.

Place: MOYSE HALL

Dates: January 11th, 12th, 13th

Tickets: \$1.50 per person



# ★ The News In Review ★

The university year began with a squeak — "A Staid Registration", as we called it — the carnival atmosphere was gone. Perhaps the move was inevitable because of the boisterous level reached in recent years but it kept the frosh away from extra-curricular activities... The hulking old Union made a wise move and traded in the pool tables for much needed office and meeting space... Sir George Williams took to the air for TV instruction... *Daily* staffers were first on campus as we presented these news gems to the frosh in a special edition... with a new printer and a new staff the presses were rolling for another year.

## A PROF ROPED

As lectures began a prof was roped and students were advised to "attend the course of your choice"... the MDFWA predicted another big year for the Redmen... they were not far wrong... the Redmen mauled the highly rated Verdun Shamcats 40-14 in an exhibition tilt.

Used texts went on sale just as SGWU decided that a NFCUS membership was too luxurious for them... branded it a disunified body without a single voice, they refused to allocate the seasonal dues... United Nations Secretary General, Dag Hammarskjöld, who was killed in a plane crash on freshman registration day, had a McGill tribute paid him at a special meeting in Moyse Hall... CUCND meanwhile strove for world peace as they recruited picketers for a Parliament Hill excursion... a resplendent Redmen Band acquired new uniforms, a new director in the person of dynamic Peter J. Wilcox and the aid of seven shapely majorettes led by Joan Van Boven.

## APPOINTED

We started a series of articles depicting the segregation problem in the South and received much bad comment as the SEC finally approved a *Daily* Managing Board... Judi Zeisler was appointed Editor-in-Chief marking the first time a woman has held the post since the *Daily's* inception 51 years ago... Bob Amaron was appointed Executive Editor and the two joined Mike Feiner who had already been approved Managing Editor.

McGill fraternities were lauded by city officials as they collected a record \$9,432 in the annual Red Feather Blitz... the SEC authorized the Department of Sociology to undertake a socio-economic survey of McGill students... the University recently donated \$3,000 to help defray the \$4,200 cost... the Professors' raft sailed traditionally and four profs went down with the ship.

All McGill and indeed educators everywhere were shocked at the sudden death of Dr. Keith B. Callard, Associate Professor of Political Science. Dr. Callard, a good friend of students and faculty, died in Ghana after a brief illness, at the age of 37.

## INITIATIONS

This first week also saw several students at various Canadian Universities sustain serious injuries during wild initiation stunts... McGill failed to add names to the injury list as more civil minds have prevailed here and we haven't had any demanding initiation stunts for decades... the Debating Union, however, came through with an informative forum on whether or not Plymouth Rock should have landed on the Pilgrim Fathers... meanwhile back at the CBC, Stuart Smith signed on for another year as congenial host "Youth Special"... the inevitable happened... the rooms registry was accused of condoning racial discrimination, sparking an SEC investigation and thus September blew itself out and the three stone gentlemen took cover.

October whistled in as the marauding Redmen axed St. Francis Xavier X-men 21-7... seven cheerleaderettes were selected and a regulation was passed to the effect that men could not invade any women's residence... as dry rushing for frats was enforced the ancient was definitely wet... the autumn rains came and basement drains were filled to capacity... thieves broke into the accounting office at Dawson Hall and in a crude manoeuvre walked out taking \$3,000 but leaving white footprints... Mrs. McMurray, the principal's perennial secretary, retired after fending off students for over 30 years... Activities Night was the best attended of this type event in years... thousands of students jammed the old Union... there was no room at the top.

## BLOODY GOOD

Mike Mauer and his bloody crew got their drive started as coed Beverley Stewart was brazenly abducted from the Arts Building by a ferocious ape... GRTB... in Toronto at the same moment, Walter MacLean, a

25 year old divinity student was selected national NFCUS president... Dr. Faustus was seeking friends for his Moyse Hall extravaganza — which turned out to be a great success... hats off to Prof. Frank Faragoh... McGill granted five honorary titles on Founders Day and the Redmen began their title defence... they lost — to Queen's 8-7.

Two Soviet students paid us a visit enroute home after a NFCUS conference and gave the same old answers — to the same old questions... the Blood Drive opened in the Medical Building the same day... George Hees officially opened the Blood Drive and that day records fell as 615 pints were accumulated... the next day the new record tumbled as 688 bottles of life were drained from campus veins... the Drive amassed a total of 3,205 bottles, a new McGill high — a fine end to a fine effort.

## FRISKED AND LOST

The Redmen were saluted as they began their home season... we proceeded to the game and were unduly frisked... yelled, and yelled and yelled, but we lost... Western overcame a complacent McGill and trimmed us 14-12... we threw in the sponge... the first AIESEC national conference was held here under

Information compiled and arranged  
for the *Daily*

by

BILL HERSH

the direction of Gordie Echenberg... Premier Jean Lesage informed us that the "Great Darkness" was over and we could feel strong again... hopeful thoughts... we ran the fable of the mother hen and Mort Sahl sauntered in and left... as Lenny Flanz rejoined the *Daily*.

We all went to the Pep Rally and greeted the Toronto supporters in true McGill fashion... the next day was glorious... Redmen ran wild and pummeled the hapless Blues 30-0... we asked you to vote on Nuclear Weapons as 1,500 old grads attended the annual reunion... Sir G. beat our debaters deciding that Quebec should give confederation another chance... we challenged SEC types to a touchfootball blast and they accepted... poor fellows!... they were creamed 15-6.

## TOOK IT SITTING DOWN

As CUCND was voted down on this campus and on others, seating arrangements at Molson Stadium were attacked and we were assured that next year no seating problems would arise... similarly the Scarlet Key were attacked then praised for their efficient handling of the half hour traffic tie-up and concert in front of the packed up Union... the next day we found that McGill would expand — \$55 million worth of new buildings will appear in the next five years.

The Hon. Howard Green dropped in and told of Canada's significance in the United Nations... NFCUS pulled up their socks and suggested that perhaps 20 Canadian students could be exchanged with the Russians... interest lagged in our great nation to the extent that no one will go the Moscow this year... as usual only 20% voted in the ASUS elections... the Allan Memorial Institute received a well deserved \$110,000 for continued research in Psychiatry and Biochemistry... we ran a Gort Contest and, as usual, no one entered... students at Mount Allison dug in for the winter in an effort to begin construction of the Chignecto Canal while Ferrante & Teicher flipped their lids.

## TORONTO TREK

In one of the most thrilling football games in years the Redmen staged a late rally to defeat the Varsity Blues in their own back yard... 500 McGills made the trek... CUCND decided to criticize the *Daily* and Roussopoulos flailed away... such repercussions... Old McGill hit the campus with an ice cold van and set new records... also sent a lucky buyer to Toronto... the Soccer Team copped all honours by beating and tying Toronto in a home and home dual... as Hallowe'en was upon us and October bowed out, the Women's Union Shoe Shine Day was postponed.

November brought an all out battle for a new Union... to celebrate the thirty-fourth anniversary

of the New Union Committee, we published a four page explanation of the ominous situation and the next day, Stuart Smith, perennial president of the Committee addressed a well attended Students' Society Open Meeting and explained the plight facing his group... students unanimously passed four resolutions calling for a new Union to be built in the immediate future... with the request for expropriation rights on McTavish, we may have one very soon.

## COMMERCE SI

Commerce won the Intramural Touchfootball crown over the Shysters... and McGill won over Harvard in the "Red or Dead" debate... we want to be red... SGWU opened their "Causes of War" conference without the Soviet delegates — passport trouble, we figure... the Redmen dumped Western in London, 20-7 and ground their axes for Queen's... meanwhile back home, the SEC slapped \$20 worth of fines on various students for "disorderly conduct" at a previous Molson Stadium affair... Rene Levesque held forth in the Ballroom to blast socialism, separatism and secularism... Mac added 571 pints of blood to our record... SEC realized that students cannot be reached and abolished preferential voting... few understood it.

The Key came to their own defense and read the "riot act" just before the Gaels came to town... unfortunate for them that they came as Coulter's boys turned them out, 15-7... their 800 fans left unscathed... measures had been taken to prevent eruptions but none arose and the Key and extra police had an easy afternoon... Frank McGee suggested that capital punishment be abolished and intends to present a new bill... the odds are with him this time... Gemeenteveerbedrijf was discussed... and the SAC hosted all island athletic councils in what could begin a very useful relationship... behold, SEC elections approached and seven were acclaimed... Susan Gross won the plaudits of the judges defeating over 15 gentlemen in the Debating Union Senior Trials... all the boys attended hypnotism lectures in Moyse Hall.

## REVUE DEBUT

The Pakistani High Commissioner to Canada graced our Ballroom and begged Britain to join the European common market... downstairs fans began to buy Queen's tickets... Revue authorities proudly announced the signing of Jack Ketchum to direct this year's Red & White... yep! the Yates Trophy changed hands... Queen's Golden Gaels were outdone by the Redmen in all statistics but scoring, so we are forced to lend the cup to the Limestoners for a year... about 2,000 McGills decorated Richardson Stadium for the game and outcelebrated the winners.

Sir Douglas Copland dealt with "growth in the Western world" in the first of the Beatty Lectures... ill health forced him to cancel the remaining two lectures... Sir Douglas would have competed with MCWA for audience on the second night... MCWA presented their finest array of speakers including the Soviet Ambassador to Canada who expounded on "Peaceful Coexistence"... the two much-publicized Soviet students arrived a day late for the conference but did attend two sessions... and the Psi U's shutout the Phi Eps to cop the inter-fraternity football laurels... 78 campus posts were filled in an election which was not highlighted by a large turnout at the polls... Thieves' Carnival rose to great heights in the Stewart Room.

## LONG PLAYING BOOK

Ubiquitous Nathan Cohen moved into Redpath Hall for an extended engagement of "Fighting Words" and played to a poor house... council approved CUSO, our own peace corps... nine Redmen were selected to the All Stars... Treasure Van opened with much ceremony and less incense... and collected more than ever before... as our leaders refused to reimburse the CPR for slight damages caused during an impromptu rally at Windsor Station... Carnival sought posters as the snows descended and the basketball Redmen clobbered U of M 114-33... the hockey Redmen similarly rose to the occasion and won their opener... presently they hold a favourable two and one record... while the Revue scheduled a talent hunt and Xmas baskets made appearances on campus, the curtains closed on first term activities.

As we go to press — the name of the Revue is shrouded in mystery and a new Union is still forthcoming... Merry Christmas to all, and to all a GOODNIGHT.



## The Royal Commission On Education:

# McGILL'S BRIEF

The following are excerpts from the brief to the Royal Commission submitted by McGill University on Education, which was on November 29.

### RESEARCH AND SCHOLARSHIP

In the recent history of McGill University, nothing has been more remarkable than the growth of its Faculty of Graduate Studies and Research. In 1961, there is hardly a department within the University that does not regard research as an important part of its function.

In practice, the pattern of research in a Canadian university tends to be influenced by things less exalted than theories of academic purpose. In many disciplines, research is costly, and its pattern is therefore much influenced by those able to pay for it.

Is research adequately financed? The answer is usually "no", when the respondent is a medical, biological, or agricultural scientist. The engineer and the physical scientists are more hesitant. But there can be no doubt about the position of the humane disciplines. Hitherto, they have quite definitely been assigned a secondary role. We need — and the province of Quebec especially needs — to approach the question of support for the humanities in a far broader context, for the humanities are concerned with ultimate questions and value judgments of universal significance.

Research and scholarship need three essential things — sympathy, money, and men. Sympathy must come from society at large, from the government and from the university senate and governors. Money must come, in large part, from government, and secondarily from industry and private benefactors.

Money and sympathy alone will not create a research tradition; only men can do it, and the number of those able to do so is always small. It is the duty of every university to pick out the members of this vital band, and to give them all the backing they need.

### Recommendation 1

A Quebec Research Council should be established by the provincial government to encourage and subsidize research in all academic fields, humane as well as scientific and technical.

### RELATIONS BETWEEN QUEBEC'S CULTURAL GROUPS

It is a dismal fact that the average English Montrealer's contact with his French neighbour may never transcend polite exchanges about the weather. Only at the level of the highly literate do the exchanges ever touch upon significant questions.

For the universities, this must be a matter of concern. Our universities have a common heritage, to which they owe a common allegiance.

One might, however, be pardoned for never suspecting this. Between McGill and the University of Montreal there are few exchanges; their relations are literally as well as figuratively un-

tramontane. At a recent scientific congress at the University of Montreal, it was discovered that not one of the forty McGill graduate students attending the meeting had ever previously set foot in the buildings on Mount Royal Boulevard.

There is, of course, no lack of official cordiality. But an entente that depends primarily on contacts at the rectorial level can hardly be said to be effective among the grass roots. It seems to us intolerable that more cannot be done.

In modern Quebec, we cannot tolerate such isolationism, and we can never accept mutual ignorance as a basis for the Province's future. It seems to us desirable that positive steps should be taken to promote a far greater degree of contact between the two groups of universities, and that the Royal Commission might take a bold initiative by recommending suitable steps.

Among these, we suggest first the creation of a limited number on intra-provincial exchange professorships between the universities, under the control of an inter-university committee established for this purpose.

Also, the universities might well do more to encourage bilingualism. This appears to be an area where provincial action could be taken, and is the second point on which the Royal Commission might seize the initiative.

### QUEBEC UNIVERSITIES AND THE UNDERDEVELOPED WORLD

It is now widely accepted that the rich Western nations must

help the underdeveloped countries. The paramount need is for education.

We are thus prompted to ask: what is the responsibility of Quebec, and above all of her universities? We have the capacity, the opportunity, and (we hope), the will to aim, not for survival, but for leadership.

It can be argued, of course, that we have neither the resources nor the energy to do anything of the kind. Quebec is itself an underdeveloped area in some ways. Our natural resources are still only partially explored and very partially exploited. Our schools and universities have lagged behind the needs of our society, and we have a private revolution in education to conduct. We are desperately short of trained men and women in the technically advanced fields, and especially in the municipal domain, we are ourselves desperately hungry for capital. In fact, we are importers of both skill and capital. Can we, in this condition, afford to reverse the flow?

We submit that we can, and must. Only in Quebec do we find powerful French and English universities in close proximity. This means we are uniquely qualified to offer aid in Africa and Asia, where the colonial languages were largely ours.

Such assistance might take many forms. The most obvious, already in being, is that we should open our doors to students from the backward areas. There is no need to argue the case for an increase; but we must remember that before long the pressure of local numbers

will make the admission of such students more difficult. It will be necessary for the universities, in their admission policies, to make definite provision for foreign students.

Secondly, we may lend staff and ideas to developing universities in the new countries.

Yet another area in which the Western universities can offer help to the emerging states of Asia and Africa is that of political and economic organization, which are insurmountable obstacles to countries lacking a large pool of experience and trained men.

We have isolated four areas in which assistance of this form can be most effective — medical and hospital services, technology and engineering, teacher training and university organization, and economic and political organization.

### THE PROBLEM OF ADMISSIONS

A recurrent nightmare in the lives of university officials is admissions policy. How does one identify, among the upcoming crop of high school graduates, those likely to succeed in the university?

This situation in Quebec arises because the provincial School Leaving Examinations are poor predictors of grade 12 or university performance. Relative to other examinations, the Quebec test is good. But in absolute terms, it still leaves abundant room for doubt as to the student's capacity to continue.

The McGill session is much more concentrated in time than is the school year. In practice, the abrupt change in discipline, and the new attractions of life on a university campus, are apt

(continued on page 13)

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## First Prize, Poetry

## Depths

by Dave Solway

There is a depth that cannot be descended  
or filled, or understood, far beneath the furrowed  
cortices of thought; the episode of day is ended  
and the sky is black where once the

[sunset burrowed.

I will never comprehend the caverns  
of a flower, the pattern of its petals  
that swing like doors of decorated taverns.  
I will never know the magic of its metals.

There is a wind, sometimes, that chases  
leaves across the grass like frightened squirrels,  
and the flame of color kindled in such places  
(for the flag of autumn opens and unfurls)

is but a glimmer to the day departing deep  
as all the wells and crevices of night:  
I must watch a garden go to sleep  
and learn that even darkness can be bright.

## Second Prize, Prose

## The Lantern

by Foluso Olanrewaju Okulaja

HE dons a long long face  
and stares sulkily into empty space.  
You'll never know at what he gazes;  
His orbits, flooded with various glazes!

"Don't gape at me like that,"  
said a voice that came from the  
distant penumbral night. "Stop  
mooning!" "Please," HE begged,  
"let me look at you; you are  
beautiful!" "Ha, ha, ha!" the  
voice said in a laughter. "An-  
other dreamer!" "I'm not a  
dreamer," HE protested. "All my  
life I have devoted to you; watch-  
ing your movements. You are  
beautiful!" "Beautiful dreamer,"  
said the voice, "what is so beau-  
tiful about me?"

"I'm not your phosphorescent  
sweat which makes you beauti-  
ful," HE said, "it's you beneath  
your phosphorescent sweat."  
"You really see me that way?"  
"I surely do!" HE replied.

"Pity I am always busy," the  
voice said, "but I must find time  
to introduce you to Aratos. You,  
also, can become my disciple. In  
fact, I prefer young people who  
aren't corrupted yet."

"I will follow you," HE said,  
"if I may!" "You look fit," the  
voice said, "but the pity is young  
aspirants tire too soon and resus-  
cite when they are too old to  
really work hard; even then,  
they spend all the time lament-  
ing their old age."

"I am willing," HE said,  
"now!" "Only on one condition,"  
the voice said.

"What is it?" HE asked. "You  
must never look back!"

"That's simple," HE said. "I  
never look back." "That makes  
one problem less," the voice  
said. "I'm sure you will enjoy  
working with us, but I must  
warn you—"

"Don't worry, HE said, "I'm  
a hard worker!" "I'm not sure,"  
the voice said, "if you under-  
stand me. You must let me finish  
first."

"What did you mean to say?"  
"I must go presently," the voice  
said. "So, you must give me a

chance to say what I have to tell  
you."

"Okay," HE said. "I won't in-  
terrupt." "Now," the voice be-  
gan, "I've been working with my  
associates, very hard, ever before  
the time of your great great  
grandfather... We never  
sleep, and—" "And you've not  
stopped; even for a second!" "I  
must not at this stage tell you  
what will happen if we stop. Be-  
sides, it's pleasure working!"

"Do you mean you're working  
for some—?" "Yes," the voice  
said. "Men." "Men!"

"We've been trying to teach  
them what took us millions of  
suns to achieve. This is why our  
whole existence is all work."  
"What—?"

"This is my interpretation of  
hard work. It's the only way we  
can serve mankind. Give them  
what we have!" "I've never  
thought of it that way." "One  
more thing," the voice said. "Our  
code of ethics stipulates the use  
of no force, but you won't need  
to think about it because we de-  
termine practically everything  
they do..."

HE was no more listening; he  
was lost in a muse. "I have to  
work hard by showing others  
how," HE thought. "Give them—  
Can't they work; don't they know  
how?"

HE looked up and saw in the  
noon a muscular man cutting a  
log of wood and sweating pro-  
fusely.

"Can I ask you a question, mis-  
ter?" HE said. "Have you a  
minute to spare?"

The man was Luna; he did not  
reply. HE now remembered hear-  
ing the voice say a day was  
meaningless to them. How much  
less a second.

"I believe," HE thought aloud,  
"it's a way of telling me to shut  
up, but I'm asking for only a—"

## First Prize, Prose

## THE CENSUS-TAKER

by Sidney Aster

Ah, you are from the government. Come in please. Sit down. Sit down. Excuse the mess. You know I work during the daytime. At night, I am too tired to start cleaning the house, washing dishes, sweeping. But there, take the seat by the table. Oh, the papers — just throw them on the floor.

My name? Sonia Klein. That is to say, my name by my second marriage. Before it was Lazare. And for my age? — put sixty. Sixty is a long time for a woman to live; especially when she is no longer beautiful. Look at me: my hair grey, my face wrinkled, my hands just last summer began to shake. And this on my arm — concentration camp.

I was born in Brussels, Bel-  
gium. There I went to school.  
But, I finished high school. Ah,  
it was beautiful that city. I loved  
the life there! Always something  
new to do, a new person to meet,  
a new part of the city to wander  
through. When I was — yes,  
fourteen, my parents moved

from Brussels to Humbeck. It is  
a small town, fifty kilometres  
from Brussels. I missed the city  
then, that life, its people, its  
buildings. But, Humbeck was al-  
so beautiful. The buildings were  
small and old, the people friend-  
ly and the countryside? — the  
most beautiful in Belgium. Here  
we used to wander, that is my  
friends and I exploring each val-  
ley, forest and hill for kilometres  
on all sides of the town...

And this? Yes, this is my  
daughter. Sixteen years old and  
beautiful, no? Look, look how  
her eyes are always alive and  
sparkle with the warmth of  
youth. Look how clean and  
smooth as silk are her cheeks  
and hands and her hair, black as  
the raven and her figure. Have  
you seen anyone so beautiful?  
And look too, she is always so  
happy. It is good to see her like  
that. She does not now my suf-  
fering. I pray God she never  
will...

— Wait, wait. No hurry.

You see, she is not my first  
child. No. Once I had a daughter  
— by my first marriage that is.  
And I tell you, as this one is  
beautiful, so was the other —  
only ten times more. Her name  
was Lisa. She was almost eight-  
een. Beautiful as a calm sea she  
was. And peaceful as a leaf on  
a summer day. Her hair was  
black and I grew it long to her  
waist. It is most beautiful that  
way.

We lived ourselves in Hum-  
beck. There were few other Jew-  
ish families in the town, but we  
got along well with the people.  
Lisa travelled every day to Brus-  
sels to attend school there. She  
was a good student.

As the final days of her last  
term were coming to an end, I  
noticed a new colouring had ap-  
peared in her face, especially  
around her cheeks. It never  
seemed to leave her. The move-  
ments of my daughter's soft and  
supple body became quicker and  
more decisive. And in her eyes

there appeared that look which  
my mother first noticed in my  
eyes when I fell in love with  
my last husband. Lisa did not  
speak to me about any change or  
particular event. I was content  
to leave it pass unmentioned. I  
was more than content to watch  
her happiness and feel it grow  
on me as well. Why disturb with  
incidentals, those for whom tri-  
via have no meaning?

One day, while Lisa was on  
her spring vacation, she rushed  
into the house smiling and by  
her eyes — overjoyed. You see,  
my daughter was a quiet girl,  
as I told you before. She usually  
kept to herself and never gave  
of her emotions freely to anyone.  
Yet, such an ebullition I had  
never seen on my peaceful Lisa.

"Oh, Mother," she cried, beside  
herself with excitement, rushing  
over to me at my sewing ma-  
chine, "Peter is coming here to  
spend his vacation." Then she  
thrust a letter hastily opened,  
I could tell, into my hands.  
"He'll stay here for two weeks,  
he writes." Lisa continued,  
breathlessly, "Oh, Mother, I love  
him so much."

"Peter? Who is Peter?" I ex-  
claimed. You can well imagine  
my complete and total surprise  
at being presented with this  
piece of news and in this manner  
from my daughter. I immediately  
switched off the machine and  
turned to Lisa beside me.

"He is a student, Mother. I  
met him at school. He is in my  
German class."

"But, but who is he? Where  
does he come from? I asked."

"From France, Mother. From  
Marseilles. He is also studying in  
Brussels. He wants to be a teach-  
er."

Then Lisa's face seemed to  
cloud for just a moment. Her  
eyes narrowed and her forehead  
wrinkled. Her tone became ap-  
prehensive. "I haven't told you,  
Mother, because... because I  
wasn't sure you would approve."

(continued on page 11)

## MCGILL DAILY

### Literary Contest Results

#### Prose Section:

## FIRST:

"The Census Taker" by Sidney Aster

## SECOND:

"The Lantern" by Foluso Olanrewaju Okulaja

## HONOURABLE MENTION:

"The Final Era" by Norman Lazanik

"There Was Once A Little Girl" by Petronella Clark

"Friends" by Tony Harwood-Jones

## Poetry Section:

## FIRST:

"Depths" by Dave Solway

## SECOND:

"Magistrate's Court" by Michael Malus

## HONOURABLE MENTION:

"Autumn" by Herbert Aronoff

"Leaves On An Autumn Night" by Foluso Olanrewaju Okulaja

"City Season" by Carole Brainin

"His Hands Made A Bird Nest" by Eve Norton

"Late Autumn Etching" by Lawrence Wasser

"For The New Poets" by Stuart Gilman

(continued on page 16)



## Honourable Mention, Prose

## FRIENDS

by Tony Harwood-Jones

The room was small. Simply furnished with the necessities for a young student living alone, which comprised a studio couch, an arm chair, and an old, fold-out desk, with little objects grinning neatly from the pigeon holes. A single light-bulb burned brightly on the ceiling.

Roger Wilton was alone. A lanky, plain young man, with a curly shock of blonde hair, he was seated in the arm-chair, lost in thought.

It was after midnight. He had just come into the apartment, having spent much of the evening in a small coffee-shop with a girl named Marjorie. It was about her that he was thinking as he sat there, unseeing gaze fixed on a shelf filled with books of Geography.

He could picture her there before him — her dark, quiet eyes set in a child-like expression, as she looked at a point somewhere between her clasped hands and the edge of the table. He could still sense the warm glow that seemed to surround her. Marjorie... her name whispered around his mind like a quiet eddy in a tiny, tropical stream.

After several motionless minutes he reached into his jacket pocket and produced a ragged note-book and pencil. The little book was an old friend, and in the silence, he was there with the pencil to the leaded paper. The ceiling-light glazed the room in expectation. Finally he began slowly:

"Dear Marjorie — I will always remember tonight. If you let what I said have meaning for you, tonight is the beginning of something great, something glorious for both of us.

"I will remember it as the beginning of my life. In comparison, my studies to this moment have been only half a life.

"Marjorie..." he stopped for a while motionless.

What he called "things about her" began to jostle each other in his mind. Whenever this happened, some new "thing" would always dominate the others, and when it had come, he delighted in it. This time, out of the cluster of "things about her" the image of his closest companion, Haly Littlejohn, began to sharpen its contrasts, and with it, floated Marjorie's soft voice: "I like Haly — he's an awfully nice guy..."

Suddenly the late stillness was cut by the sound of someone coming down the stone tiling of the corridor outside. Roger sat there listening, slightly curious as to who could be coming at that late hour. His curiosity increased, however, when the sounds stopped just beyond his door. "Marjorie...?" his mind asked immediately, incredulously, delighted. But he stifled the hope. She would be asleep by now. The neighbouring apartment's entrance was directly beside his, and so, commenting to himself that the reclusive spinster had more to her than met the eye, he took up his pencil again.

His wristwatch pin-pricked the silence, carrying on its busy accounting. The lightbulb glazed burnished ions into Roger's hand and held it there. The quiet was too thick. The spinster should have been click-zipping

the key into her lock by now. Clatter the neighbours with door-opening. But she wasn't. The quiet was too thick.

A shoe scraped the stone tile before the door. Roger felt heavy breathing coming at him through the thin wood.

The lock was on.

The bright brass door-knob, influencing greater pressure into the too-heavy light, influencing, rolling into it with weight, turning... turning... it was turning... something, or someone,

outside was turning it... slowly, silently... not to make a sound... turning.

Roger sat transfixed. Tensely fascinated.

It stopped, then began slowly turning back again, like a silent, glass-cased clock of revolving pendulum. It slowed, and stopped. He felt pressure released from it.

The lightbulb on the ceiling throbbled intense heat.

He waited.

(continued on page 13)

## Honourable Mention, Prose

## There Was Once A Little Girl

by Petronella Clark

Much has been said and written of the superiority of the ubiquitous English language. But listen, and I will tell you a story that is in danger of being forgotten because a grandmother's Eskimo speech is not understood by her grandchildren.

Before the White Man came to North West Alaska, and when the Gold Rush passed them by, the Noatagmiut went down to the Sealing Coast every spring, and then to the White Whale Sound. At the end of the summer, they would return north, beyond the tree-line, to hunt caribou.

Now one spring there was a little girl playing among the sod houses of the winter encampment. She was about seven years old. And the people said to her, "If we go down to the Sealing Coast, you will die". For her mother was very ill, and could neither be carried to the coast with them nor left alone to die. (The little girl had no father, only a small brother.) So the people waited, but the mother grew no better and no worse, and when they could wait no longer, they left the mother and her two children, and went far over the mountains.

One day one family came back for something they had forgotten. The children were very happy to see them. But when they left, they took the small brother with them, for he would grow up to be a hunter one day, while the little girl was more useful looking after her mother, even though it meant she would never grow up.

The little girl was very lonely when they had gone, for now she had no brother to play with around the empty village. But soon she was too busy looking for things to eat, for she and her mother had eaten all the food left them.

Her mother grew so weak that she could no longer stand, and could only crawl around till her knees grew very sore, and the little girl had to do everything for her. So while she crawled around, she told her daughter the way to the Sealing Coast, the path to take and where to turn, over and over again. The

little girl listened and repeated and remembered, though she did not know why her mother should tell her.

When they had eaten all the scraps the little girl could find around the village, the mother boiled up some half-rotting parchment that had been used as window panes in one of the sod huts. They both drank the soup, and the little girl ate the parchment, but the mother was too weak to chew.

That night, the mother complained that her feet were cold, so the little girl covered them up warmly; then she went to sleep. When she woke up in the morning, her mother was dead.

The little girl was very frightened. But she understood now why her mother had told her so often the way to the Sealing Coast: it was because her mother wanted her to go there, all by herself, when her mother could not go with her.

So she put on her warm clothes and her strong skin boots, and put a few things into a little bundle which she carried on her back, and she began to walk towards the far mountains.

"I am going to see my brother!" she thought. She walked and she walked, and the mountains still seemed far away. She was very tired, and very hungry, but she remembered she was going to see her brother, and did not stop. Sometimes the ground was hard, sometimes it was soft and muddy from melted snow.

Late in the day she came to the mountains, and started to climb. The snow had not melted from the mountains, but it was soft and soggy, so that she sank in at every step. When night fell, she dared not rest, because then she might not be strong enough to start again. But the arctic night was short and quite light.

At last the little girl climbed to the top of the pass over the mountains. "From here I will see the Sealing Coast", she thought. But when she looked, she saw another range of mountains on the sky-line, and a wide plain between them.

She climbed down to the plain, slowly over the wet snow. She did not know how long she took

## Second Prize, Poetry

## MAGISTRATE'S COURT

by Michael Malus

Necks crane in the spectators' seats,  
The social worker trots out her case book,  
The dapper court clerk affects indifference  
As a pretty young streetwalker  
(Twenty-two previous arrests) is led  
To the bench; she stands facing His Honour:  
Her stark and fresh femininity asserts  
Itself among the rectangularly shaped  
Women and flabby men like a moist  
Solid, sinuous plant braced amid  
A clump of dried out epicene weeds.  
His Worship passes sentence sternly,  
A histrionic solemnity screens his face and  
The involuntary back-tracking of his mind  
To dim years at law school broken only  
By festering humiliations when  
His greedy little attempts to waylay  
His stored up lust were thwarted by ugly  
Scrawny, but wealthy girls, like the one he  
Had married some twenty vapid years ago...

to cross the plain; night or day made little difference, she was so tired and hungry. If she had not wanted her brother so badly, she would never have tried.

Sometimes she found berries to eat, and there were always little streams to drink from. She followed the land marks her mother had given her, turning this way at the clump of twisted bushes, that way at the three strange-shaped rocks.

But when she came to the foot of the second mountain range, she was sure she could never climb it, she was so weak and hungry. But she knew that if she did not, she would never see her little brother again.

There were some scrubby willows growing at the bottom of the mountain; as she started up the slope, a branch caught in her small pack and whipped it off her back. It fell thump! into the snow: she let it lie there, and went on without it, too weak to pick it up.

These mountains were even harder to cross, the snow seemed deeper and stickier, and yet so soft, she wanted to lie and rest in it. But her brother, and her people, were on the other side of the mountain...

Sometimes, the mountain seemed to have no top, for each time she got over one shoulder, another would stretch beyond her. (When you are seven years old, and when you have had nothing to eat and want to go to sleep, time and space seem eternal.)

But eventually she did come to the top; and this time she did see the Sealing Coast below her, the grass turning green near the snow's edge, the cliffs where the sea-birds nested, and the purple sea with some white ice on it. She turned as her mother had told her, in the direction where the spring sealing camp should be, down the mountain, over the grass, down a steep cliff path, and along the shore.

When she met some men from her village, they were very surprised to see a child approach them, for they thought there was no other group near them; when they recognised her and she answered to her name, they were very frightened, for they thought she was a ghost.

Not until they were convinced

that she was alive, and had survived the impossible journey over the mountains all alone, did they come near her.

The women of the village carefully fed her on boiled skins at first, for she was too sick to digest ordinary tough meat. But slowly she recovered from her terrible ordeal.

Because of the great fear of Death, and because the little girl had been in contact with a dead person and had been so near to dying herself, she was given a little house to live in by herself for a while. Later she lived with other families, now in this household, now in another.

But when they told her that her small brother, whom she had struggled so hard to see, had in fact died before she arrived at the Sealing Coast, the sorrow nearly killed her, as the hardship had failed to do.

Since then, American civilisation has reached the Noatagmiut Eskimos. They no longer go down to the Sealing Coast every spring, for they and the Naupaktomiut Eskimos live together in the permanent village of Noatak on the Noatak River. They have washing machines and tape recorders, and in the summer the men go south to the salmon canneries of Bristol Bay, or north to the Air Force base at Fairbanks, to earn money to buy the blessings of a more technically advanced society. They have a church and a school, they live in log cabins or clap-board houses, and their brighter children fly south to be educated.

But there is one old woman who has this story to tell, and she tells it dramatically, and in the third person, acting each section as she tells it, jerking her head back to see the pack fall from her shoulders as the willow branch catches in it, so that a stanger can follow the adventure from her movements, although the words must be translated. For she has told the story so many times that her performance is as perfect as any Shakespearean actor's.

Yet, she is surprised that anyone should think her childhood hardship unusual; sooner or later everyone has some adventure in their lives, and everyone has their own story to tell.



## Honourable Mention, Prose

## The Final Era

by Norman Lazanik

"In 1979 mammalian fertility stopped," the grade seven teacher began. "The radiation released between the years 1952 and 1976 probably is responsible. Unfortunately, man cannot escape being a mammal, and this most likely is his last era." Thus one number among the last crop of human babies came to learn the new scientific truth concerning reality. Abraham Corwin was one of the auditors of the stoic teacher. The longest to endure the horrendous implications of the teacher's revelations would be this student.

After high school, Abraham worked in a chemical production factory for a few years. He made love to women and jested with friends and he read the greatest works of literature, but neither he nor any of his contemporaries could escape reminders of the difference between their generation and all past generations. A vale of sadness descended on the population of the 1990's for the last walls of children echoed in these years.

Abraham Corwin began studies at City College in 2001... yes the millenium had turned without trumpet flourish, for no reason for celebrating new years any longer existed. He entered university in the hope of losing himself in literary and historical studies but he eventually found there was no escape. He left City College in 2006 with an M. Litt.

When governmental power passed into Abraham Corwin's generation's hands international power struggles ended and a reduction of armaments and virtual supranational control of the remaining arsenals was negotiated.

By 2030, all states had transformed themselves into welfare states. Scientific knowledge was disseminated to all nations, and international cultural exchanges became increasingly common. In the early 20s, Abraham Corwin had joined an International Civil Service Training Institute and from 2024-2031 he served the Organization for the Consolidation of International Peace and Prosperity in all quarters of the planet. But the twilight of man was approaching, the youngest men were now over fifty and the population figure fell short of 1920 statistics.

Until the end of 2040, Abraham Corwin wrote novels and short stories, sculpted and painted. Time advanced inexorably and the last of the Old Generation passed away. The last of the religious initiated proselytization movements... but no naturalist was dissuaded.

In 2050, Abraham Corwin renewed an old undergraduate ac-

quaintance and the two reminisced and discussed literature. The issue of Eliot's place in literature was brought up, and the lines in the "Hollow Men" which began "This is the way the world ends." occurred to Abraham. He said to his friend, "It no longer matters how any dead artist ranked or contemporary artist ranks as an artist, for reasons we are both aware of. But relevant things said by Eliot perhaps merit consideration by us.

"Not with a bang but a whimper" was the way Eliot felt the world would end. The friend anticipated the ironic conclusion to the points brought up. "He was right except he was mistaken that the world would end with a whimper, it would merely be one of the earth's accidental primordial spawn."

In 2060, the sundry governments began issuing death reports, for that year there were less than a million individuals in existence.

In 2065, Abraham Corwin called a doctor for an ailing neighbour. The physician's attempts were futile. The deaths of 10,000 men and women were reported that year. The population count in 2071 was 100,000.

On his 98th birthday, Abraham

Corwin found all the lines of communication silent. Death reports had been few and far between the preceding month and the projected population figures for 2077 were 27. The sun glinted from the stilled machines and unattended automatons. The wind turned a weathervane on the roof of a warehouse. A manganese shipment stood atop a factory, half-loaded into a resting helicopter. Behind the walls of the residential homes no noises stirred. Abraham went into the panoscope building and pulled the necessary levers. For several hours, he surveyed the world with the scope. When he finished, he was certain none beside him were left.

He walked to the heliport and swung into the country with one of the machines. He flew above undulating grasslands and widely spaced patches of forest. He brought the machine to rest near a peaceful lake, got out, and laid down on the bank. The sky was blue and tranquil above him.

Fingering the bottle of monoxide pills, he mused on the pleasant sunniness of the day. Presently, he took the poison into his system. The soma of Abraham Corwin died... the soul of the last man disintegrated.

## Honourable Mention, Poetry

## Late Autumn Etching

by Lawrence Wasser

Like a knife  
wrapped in murderous fingers  
the air stabs down  
between mute quivering trees  
and twists.

Twigs never bend  
but snap  
and scratch the sky  
which shrinks —

this sky curls back like paper  
when the page retreats  
to leave a black crayon

[image

leaning on the air, alone.

Great drowning hands  
lifted through a moss-thick surface  
writhing knuckles

of a pianist in arpeggio  
like a liquid brook ripple  
a flickering of brittle fingers.

And in these treetops  
the leaves clatter,  
a smattering of applause for a

[gracious earth.

## The Census-Taker

(from Page 9)

You see" and here she hesitated, lowering her eyes to the sewing machine "he is not Jewish."

I looked carefully at my daughter then; with lowered eyes, with the letter in her lovely fingers. She was suddenly so downcast.

"Do you love him very much, Lisa?"

"Yes, Mother, I do."

"Well, why worry my daughter? You must love him and so you shall be happy. This is all that is important."

"Will you forgive me, Mother, for not telling you sooner?" Lisa questioned and I could see her eyes straining to resume their former excitement. My short words, "yes, my daughter" changed Lisa in seconds to her former self.

"We shall have to meet him" I then said. "Write to Peter, Lisa, tell him we shall be happy to meet him in two days." Kissing me, Lisa turned and ran from the house, her hair swept back onto her slender shoulders.

Alone, I began to think of what had just passed. I was truly happy for Lisa. Why shouldn't I be? She had not known many boys in our town, but those she knew always left her unsatisfied. This one, if she said she loved him, of this I was certain, I was happy, Christian though he was. My daughter was beautiful. She would be happy. I wanted her to lead a good life. I was sure she would satisfy some man.

Then, my thoughts, as if forced by something turned to Joseph, my husband; that is, my first husband. I was content with him. He had always satisfied me. He was a man six feet tall perhaps, heavy built and wore a full beard. Though a merchant, I loved the way he walked with the heavy gait of a farmer or a lumber mill worker. I tell you, there were times, and many they were, when he frightened me. You see, he was quick to anger and easily roused. We seldom fought. I am not a quarrelsome woman. When we did fight though, the arguments were bitter and passionate. Now what would happen when he would hear what Lisa had told me? For you see, Joseph had strange ideas on religion. He was not a religious man as you would think it, that is, he obeyed few, if any, of the laws. We had not been in synagogue since our wedding. And yet... and yet... Joseph did believe in God. Above all, he was fiercely proud he was a Jew. And would talk about Jews with warmth and relish. I knew, then, that for my daughter to be seeing a Christian would be blasphemy to him. I could already see his black eyes ablaze with anger. His huge frame towering above me, above Lisa, his thick arm with pointed finger animating his talk. I remembered our widely spaced quarrels, I remembered... and at once a fear overtook me. I recall I groped for the nearest support, my hands felt my cheeks flushed happiness turn to a pale cold. I could see my husband before me, my daughter, her lover. Their first meeting. What should I do? Tell my husband first, alone? Surprise him? Tell Lisa to cancel Peter's visit? What? What? There was still two days before Peter's arrival... ah, I could see him already before me... the youth.

I was not disappointed. It was a cool Sunday evening when Lisa and I walked to the train station to greet Peter. The station was only a few minutes walk from our house. We were met by a

tall intelligent looking youth. His finely cut facial features and easy disposition endeared him immediately to me. Ah but Lisa... Lisa was overwhelmed. I had never seen my daughter so happy. She rushed to Peter, gripped him by the hand, whispered to him and they kissed many times. "My Lisa" I thought, "she looks lovely beside him."

My daughter and I had decided that we would take Peter immediately to see her father and introduce him at once. We went back through the tall iron gate of the station. Lisa at Peter's side, I at her side, slightly to the back.

"Oh, Mother" Lisa had said, "why so distracted?" Without my answering, she turned back to Peter and walked gayly at his side, her arm entwined in his.

Joseph was seated by the long wooden table on which we ate our meals. He was reading something — I forget what.

"Hello, Joseph" I said in a low voice fearing to disturb him, fearing the next few minutes, my body beginning to ever so slightly to tremble.

He answered with a curt, "Hello" and raised his head slowly from table level to take us all in. "Who is this?" he questioned, pointing a slightly raised finger at Peter.

Quickly Lisa took Peter by the arm and walked with him over to the table facing Joseph. "This, Father," she said excitedly, as if she were speaking to me, my daughter could never understand my apprehension, "is Peter Denbow. He is a student I met at school," here she turned to Peter, "and will be staying in our town for spring vacation. I have known him for many months, Father," she continued, looking from Peter's half-smiling face — unable as yet to fully gauge Joseph and therefore unsure of what attitude he was to assume — to Joseph's stern, slightly skeptical features.

"How do you do, Mr. Lazare..."

"Denbow" Joseph muttered, narrowing his eyes and leaning back in his chair, "you — you are not... Jewish. Tell me."

I could see Peter's face instantly become rigid and his head raised in a slightly shocked gesture. "How was this youth to expect such a greeting, I ask you?" Well, Peter's answer, though far from said defiantly or impertinently, had the tone of suggesting that he wished to discontinue discussion of this subject.

"No!" he said.

"Then what?" broke in Joseph, are you doing with my daughter? In my house? My daughter is a Jewess."

"But, Joseph," I weekly protested, "He is a visitor."

"Silence," he shouted.

Now I could see a flushed hotness appear on Joseph's face. His huge fists clenched and unknotted themselves almost uncontrollably. He brushed his reading matter to a side and rose brusquely from his chair. Then:

"Get out of my house" he muttered through clenched teeth. "Get out of my house — Christian."

Peter, confused and shocked, whispered something to Lisa and left. While my daughter, mute with dumb amazement through this exchange, burst into tears and fled to her room. My lovely daughter's innocent joy so quickly transformed. To Joseph there was no speaking. His decisions I knew from experience were irrevocable. Was I too presumptuous

(continued on page 14)

## Contest Prizes

Literary contest prizes, consisting of book certificates from the University Book Store, may be picked up from the Features Editor. Certificates will be to the value of ten dollars for first prize winners and five dollars for second prize winners.



## The Daily Reviews

## POETRY IN FORGE

For some reason, I find myself very hard to please as I read the poetry in this issue of *Forge*. Faint praise in such a case might sound like shambling ridicule, which is not my feeling either. I would rather honour the young by giving them fair and honest criticism.

Most of this poetry is nothing but murky and confusing verbalism. R. P. Younes unconsciously describes it (in words that apply to himself also): "a phantasmagoria / of melting images appearing / and disappearing like the / face of a windy / morning bog... / each blur / distinct in its melting." There are only three persons more or less free from this confusion.

The three may be mentioned at once. The first is Elizabeth Ritchie's "Poem", a vivid piece, although the last lines in it are damaged by artificiality. "Against the clock... / In the pale light of childhood's phlox, shining / against the window." This would be better, rid of that internal rhyme-click and the chichi phlox: "In the pale light of childhood shining / against the window."

The second good piece is anonymous, a poem titled "Questioning". And the third, and best, is Dave Solway's "The Awakening": a true poem, both real and imaginative, or as he himself says — "a forest / of real fantasies / and living creatures made / of pure imagination." It comes out of experience, and it sings.

In contrast, Tadek Korn's two poems seem unreal and blurred, out of focus. He begins: "Why are these angels mellow / when yesterday the sun shone brilliant..." And why not? Does a brilliant sun make angels less "mellow" the day after? In his other poem, the meaning is messed up in the first five lines; a negative fails to apply as it is intended to do.

Miss Eibel's two poems suffer from the pathetic fallacy pushed to the limits of absurdity: "The century... once sent a bird to me..." An oak "... put armies into flight"; and "Autumn planted you, my son." And so forth. The whole poem is contained in four acceptable lines, so why not scrap the rest? "It is the duty of wise oaks To wait upon a king of trees, and curse the green-leaved

lanarchist Who would disturb gnarled Idynasties."

There is confusion, again, in the French poems by Mr. Robillard. The first one is an old-fashioned cupcake. The other is not bad; but can you say — "Il y avait nos yeux / fermés par le jour / Il y avait nos pas..." etc.? Are you walking with your eyes closed? I think so.

Haikus in English are trivia. They are in addition nonsense when they say, like Carole Brai-

nin, "...lest our dance... be overcome by grey pebbles." Likewise, Isabelle Alter's subjectivities are confused in the extreme. How can you say, "My sea was swallowed in an ancient house"? Yet the passage that

by LOUIS DUDEK

precedes this does not deserve such a sequel. In fact it is a poem in itself.

Stuart Gilman is cursed with the habit of echoing other poets unconsciously, a fault that may eventually turn into virtue. After all, Eliot made capital out of it. Gilman's opening line "Come I then upon the beach..." reminds me a bit of "Come we then to the bounds of deepest water" (Pound, Canto I). And his reiterated "So few are they whose strength..." reminds me of Pound's refrain, "So few

drink of my fountain..." This is not plagiarism (nor was his poem published in the *Daily* a few weeks ago — it was a valid exercise on Wallace Stevens), but it is some kind of mnemonic echo. (And it is far better than R. M. Osler's echo on a later page: "Deep / in the heart of Flanders...") In fact, Gilman's poems are original in their anguished personal tone; but they have not yet found a unique, personal music.

Moscovitch is even farther from authentic originality. I find the accents and characteristic images of one of our major Montreal poets — a flourishing poet at that — in everything he writes. The poems seem to be forced by the will, not derived from his own delicious sources. Trees as "proud Athenian statues" conflict with reductive metaphors of "marion-

(continued on page 13)

## The Daily Reviews

## FICTION IN FORGE

This is my first acquaintance with *Forge*, and in general I am impressed with the five fictional pieces in the new issue. They avoid the pretentious posture of so much university prose. They are the work of people who have given some attention to the craft of putting words together, a type of drudgery which young writers often disdain.

They even, unless I have simply missed the latest crazes, are more than imitations of the fashionable. There is no reproduction of Kerouac's mighty periods, and the young males talk no more like Holden Caulfield or Zooey Glass than necessary. There are largely negative virtues, but I mean no faint praise. If this is not great fiction it is serious and, in the best sense, professional.

"A Church for Jenny," by Donald Kingsbury, is a chapter of a novel and is probably the best of the lot. In last year's *Forge* Jenny was presented at a later stage of the story in a long account of the birth of her child. This chapter introduces and is lighter and less mannered in style. We are taken into her special approach to religion, something a bit like the world of the beat generation, but no claim is made for Jenny as either prophet or victim. Cricket, the

character through whose eyes she is largely seen in this section, has some humor in his perceptions, and so the reader is permitted to see the funny as well as the touching side, instead of having unjustified demands made upon his solemnity. It is too early to tell what this novel will be like in finished form, but the character of Jenny is well imagined, though I think that at times her part of the dialogue is rather flat.

## LEAST IMPRESSIVE

Of the four complete stories, the two shorter ones seem to me the least impressive, and this in itself is a surprise. In collections of this sort the vignettes often stand out among longer stories which have got out of their writers' control; here the limitations that such brevity imposes appear less as advantages. The two are very different. Robert Moore's "London Walk" belongs to a recognizable subgenre in which adolescents undergo simple but significant experiences as part of their discovery of life. A young Canadian is approached by a genial homosexual as he walks through London feeling isolated from what he sees around him. He is shocked, yet "London was no longer so aloof." The rigid rules of understatement in such stories require that their significance be scarcely hinted at, though strongly felt by the reader. This one, I think, misfires.

On the other hand, in "We Were All Going Home," by Robert L. McA. Burns, the point is insisted upon. The bitterness of vanquished towards victor is erased through an Italian child whose injury matches that of a soldier traveling home at the end of the war. The child's father, an Italian soldier who has shown his resentment of his recent enemy, now smiles at him.

It was a tired, faint smile, more in the eyes than on the lips, but I understood what it meant.

The war was over.

We were all going home.

I feel this to be sentimental, though many readers will disagree and certainly the fastidious prose resists most of the temptations of the situation. In opposite ways, both stories insist too much on the importance of the incidents they describe without including a sense of that importance in the reader.

The old lady in Allan Shiach's "The Watcher" is another isolated figure, who gets her only human contact by watching

by DEAN FRYE

passers-by from her window. When she falls sick, people begin to look up at the vacant window as they pass, until they suddenly stop at the moment of her death. Once again, an incident is set down in restrained, colloquial language, but instead of working with the ordinary, Shiach contrives a mysterious event that is frankly symbolic, somewhat in the manner of Muriel Spark. More might have been done with the personality of the old lady, and there is an unfortunate O'Henry touch in the predictable revelation of her death by an unconcerned nurse, but there is subtlety in the way that the narrator himself gradually becomes the watcher, and the story has meaning which cannot be neatly formularized.

It might be unfair to say that "The Unfortunate Demise of Miss Pilk," by Vera Frenkel, is the best written of this fiction; the spare prose of the other pieces does what it is intended to do. But certainly it is the most interestingly written. Here the author intrudes, and she both enjoys language and has a way with it. Perhaps this is in part her undoing. The story is a semiallegorical fantasy, of a sort

more familiar in drama than fiction, concerning the afterlife and damnation of Miss Pilk. There seems at times to be a serious intention, but the style is more reminiscent of Alice in Wonderland than of *No Exit* and situations continually dissolve into whimsy, culminating in the seemingly pointless ingenuity of identifying this story with one which the shade of Miss Pilk publishes under an assumed name ("Truth," but in Latin) in "an obscure publication."

On the other hand, at more serious moments the writing is heavy: "No Scrooge. What happened to Miss Pilk is Hell." The story is overlong and diffuse, and it suffers from a split personality, but when it is good it is very, very good and, after all, it does contain the best writing here.

## LITTLE PLOT

These stories have little in the way of plot. They deal, in one way or another, with human isolation and with attempts to bridge the gulf, and the authors try to catch moments of experience or states of existence without relating them to such systems of reference as plots tend to demand. Political considerations, even in the widest sense, are, for instance completely absent. It is odd that the reintroduction of genuine plots into short fiction would now be a striking innovation. There is little innovation of form here at all, except perhaps in the "Miss Pilk" story. While this may seem just as well, considering what formal novelty usually amounts to, there ought perhaps to be more of perilous experiments in a university literary journal where commercial considerations have no place. But this is the knotty, quite possible meaningless, question of the proper function of such a magazine. Writers can't be judged on what they don't do, and what these do they do better than most.

## Honourable Mention, Poetry

## Autumn

by Herbert Aronoff

Bitter branches shook accusing fingers  
at ethereal beings who had drained  
life-giving juices from withered trunks

dervishes of dust swirled down  
the road of dirt and  
fieldmice scurried away in fright

rotting fenceposts by the roadside  
stood mournfully listening as  
the Song of Spring  
by the wind transformed  
became a dirge

black sheep-like clouds crowded together in  
anticipation  
of coming strife

this great shawl of oppressive  
[black weighed heavily on  
the grieving earth  
and cold air lashed at  
once-fruitful stalks.

MERRY  
CHRISTMAS  
TO ALL



# McGill's Brief

(from Page 2)

to unsettle him rather than to convince him that he should put his shoulder to the wheel.

Those who teach the freshman year are painfully conscious of the obvious lack of motivation displayed by a significant part of each class. It is also quite plain that many freshmen have entirely failed to master the elementary mechanics of learning.

This pervades all levels of education, and as a result Canada's economy is dependent on no more than 10-15 per cent success in persuading the young to push themselves to a level something like equal to their abilities.

In 1962, and in subsequent years, students who score marks above a certain value in the College Entrance Board Examinations will be provisionally accepted for admission.

This gives a yardstick for common application, and helps to remove uncertainties as to the comparability of the Quebec examinations with those of other provinces or other countries.

We have thus made a limited amount of progress in advancing the date of acceptance and towards a common yardstick, but little or none towards a wiser selection of students for admission. Nor is this the only problem. In 1962-63, we shall be reluctantly forced to begin to restrict enrolment, because of the pressure of numbers. Do we then maintain roughly the same proportion of overseas students? Or do we permit the proportion of Quebec residents to rise?

The University has appointed a Commission on Admissions, with representatives of the Governors and Senate and of the Graduates' Society, under the chairmanship of the Chancellor. An Admissions Officer has also been appointed. It seems likely that he will have the most difficult job in the University.

We have nothing specific to recommend at this time to the Royal Commission, except to assure its members of our anxiety about what is perhaps the most difficult problem now facing the universities.

## ACCREDITATIONS AND CLASSIFICATION OF UNIVERSITY INSTITUTIONS

Recommendation 16

The Province should establish a University Grants Commission charged with the responsibility of making representations concerning financial assistance to

universities, colleges, and other affiliated institutions.

Recommendation 17

The University Grants should be charged with assessing the claims of institutions to university status, and should advise the Provincial Government as to whether a charter should or should not be granted in each specific case.

Universities are too complex and too diversified to be simply described; they have few unique marks. But among the requirements, we can specify these: a certain minimum size; the presence of a core of fundamental disciplines in both Arts and Science; an active tradition of research, together with the capacity to train students for post-baccalaureate degrees; and the possession of adequate library and laboratory facilities for these purposes.

How big should the University be? From a purely inductive standpoint one can select the figure of about 3,000 students as the minimum, and it is probable that the upper limit lies somewhere near 12,000. These figures can be justified only empirically, while some members of the University are willing to see this figure rise to 12,000 or 13,000, few will defend the view that it should go further.

It may be asked how an institution is to grow to university status if it lacks charter authority to do so. The answer lies, we believe, in the creation of a new class of University Colleges. On the model of the colleges classiques, these University Colleges should be subject to the curricular control of a full chartered university. It should, however, be fully understood that these colleges should be encouraged to elaborate and enrich their curriculum along the lines suggested in this brief.

Recommendation 18

The Province should, on the recommendation of the University Grants Commission, recognize and support as University Colleges those institutions of higher learning that aspire to receive university charters, but which are not yet fully qualified. These Colleges should be subject to the curricular control of a chartered university. They should be granted full charters only when they can comply with agreed qualifications established by the Commission.

## Honourable Mention, Poetry

### For The New Poets

by Stuart Gilman

What luck they have, the new poets,  
to be able to fashion from a scrapped humanity  
the sculptures of tomorrow.  
You have broken the people  
like the fallen ash breaks  
snowflake on the dry ground  
and your work lies  
dismembered at your feet.  
This is your gift,  
you who have lost your present  
for your past.  
All right,  
you'll be remembered.  
The poetry of today is yet to be.

## Honourable Mention, Poetry

### His Hands Made A Bird Nest

by Eve Norton

His hands made a bird nest  
Meshed around her white breast  
His fluttering fingers made a bird nest for her.  
In their lace of love  
Lay the strange shining breast  
like a warm-waiting egg.  
Her cries were a dove's cries  
Low and soft above the nest  
Her eyes were a dove's eyes  
They watched the soft egg timidly,  
Wondering what creature would hatch  
from such a nest of flames.

## Forge Poetry

(from page 12)

ettes" and "sperm of egg". And the technique is forced, to no purpose:

"The sun collapsed on the [mountain side like a marionette on fire...]" The idea of "side" is not important enough to justify this very rude break in the line. The same thing happens in the last verse with "No; black and / yellow." These affects are will- ed, overemphatic, to no purpose.

I cannot see Dominique Gagnon's poem in French. I am confused by "Ces cris / comme des ancrés..." and "Tes yeux noirs / Comme des ancrés." And the emotion is strident, unexamined.

Doubtful religion appears again in Judi Werensfels's "Buddha", which reduces Buddhism to the level of our sentimental religions.

The French poems by W.R. Roy are too tenuous. The first, especially, may be a good beginning; but it should go on, to generate some emotion out of the situation described.

Mr. Osler's "Aesthetics" are badly flawed. He splits an infinitive without an excuse. And in a serious passage, he pulls a hilarious flub like "Will the goose produce". His second poem is pat-a-cake rhythm, laid on with a dessert spoon.

Some lines from Tony Rappa's poem will serve a summary to all this cranky yet still-friendly criticism. Behold a muddled variation on an old cliché, like most of the poems in this Forge:

"Where are the snows of lost  
[intent,  
Wherein lies pathed, hope led,  
[all innocence  
this fingered dirge unsung  
[in faith?"

Do you see the point? No? Well, that's it!

(Editor's Note: The poem "Questioning" which has been printed anonymously is by Graham Nesbitt, B.C.L. 2. The page on which the poem was written was unsigned; hence the error)

## Honourable Mention, Poetry

### City Season

by Carole Brainin

Maybe  
autumn by the sea means a blue wind  
and maybe  
autumn in the country means  
[a yellow hill  
but  
autumn in the city means a tired grey,  
grey of the nude asphalt streets  
and of the pale unfinished skyscrapers  
where  
a small lone man hangs suspended  
painting white X's of hope  
on blank windows.

## FRIENDS

Then creaking as of silently  
splitting wood with a knife.  
Creak... wait... creak...  
pressure flowing in heavily  
against the light.

Do amateur burglars try to  
force Yale locks with a stain-  
less steel knife made in England  
and used to cut steaks?

Roger felt as if he had been  
carved out of soft butter. The  
light was melting him.

Does an amateur burglar get  
frightened when he pries an  
apartment door and finds a guy  
sitting there looking at him?  
Only amateur burglars force Yale  
locks with stainless steel knives  
... expert burglars are too smart  
for that?

When one sees a burglar stand-  
ing in an open door pried with  
a knife, does one stand up and  
offer to wrestle with him? They  
say if you look a lion in the  
eye and pretend you're not  
scared of him he won't eat you.  
But what about burglars who  
pry with knives?

Roger felt he wouldn't be able  
to look a lion in the eye, and  
felt the lightbulb sear his flesh.  
... Don't you realize there is  
somebody at home here?

Good people go broke and  
turn into frightening amateur  
burglars... professional bur-  
glars would keep calm and  
cool...

There was a loud BUZZZZ of  
door-bell ringing, and a sand-  
paperslitheringsliding down the  
corridor away.

Ring once before robbing —  
test... must answer door —  
answer door — Someone At  
Home — Go Away — AWAY!!  
In the steep pressure Roger  
beamed out a telepathic message  
to the unknown. With limbs of  
soft cloth and marbles to weight  
down hands and feet, Roger  
stiffly responded to a burning-  
light puppeteer. Unthinking, un-  
seeing, he reached out, fumbled  
with the door-clasp — hands of  
soft cloth weighted with mar-  
bles and opened.

The silent corridor grinned  
stone tile at him.

## (From Page 10)

He hadn't heard the front door  
open and close, the amateur bur-  
glar with the stainless steel knife  
in his hand to ring doorbells  
must still be down the corridor  
in the alcove. Roger felt heavy  
breathing coming down the hall  
at him, and realized that the  
amateur was as scared as he was.

Two primeval animals at fear  
together, waiting, in a tropical  
jungle, before the dawn of rea-  
son.

Death will preclude the dawn  
of reason for them. In the al-  
cove, a shoe scraped the stone  
tile, Roger's knees turned tafa-  
feta.

Then into the corridor from  
the alcove came a hand, a shined  
shoe, a familiar jacket, and the  
smiling face of closest friend  
and companion, Haly Littlejohn.  
And behind him, Roger saw the  
beautiful face of Marjorie.

Sweat burst out on his fore-  
head, his knees gave out, and  
trembling violently, he clung to  
the door-post.

"Surprise" they said together.



# THE CENSUS-TAKER

(from Page 11)

to at least hope for politeness? I think not. Joseph, too, soon got up from the chair to which he retreated after Peter's exit and walked with his usual heavy confident step to our bedroom.

I was alone. Before me was the fire, in front of which I sat throughout the night. I stared at the fire. I am not by habit a thinking woman. I take my pleasure as it comes, making the most of it while it lasts. Sorrow I dislike. I always try to dispell any traces of it. I exult in love, happiness, youth and all their accompanying excitement. To see my lovely daughter retreat from joy to tears pained me deeply. The young should never know real sorrow. So when before dawn Lisa walked slowly from her room, I received her warmly. I could see she had been crying all night. Her lovely black hair fell twisted upon her shoulders. She stood before me eyeing me carefully. Then said in a voice almost a whisper, "I hate Father." She turned to go, but added, with her face to the ground, "I love, Peter, Mother, Christian as he is."

I did not answer her, but watched her go back to the

room. Then I again riveted my gaze upon the fire-place, watching the flames rise in the air. Yet only so high, I thought, for all their leaping and redness and straining, they could only reach so high. For soon these flames would burn lower and lower till they disappear into ash. When the rising sun came through the unshuttered window, I too, went to sleep.

Late that morning, I was awakened by Joseph's heavy arm upon my shoulder. He stood before the bed, dressed and ready to leave for work. From his eyes, I could tell he too had slept little that night. On his face, instead of the burning anger of the previous evening, there was now a cold hard determined look. How well that suited my Joseph. I must admit he looked handsomer after his anger had subsided, and left this look on his face. Making sure I was well awake, he spoke to me. "I shall be gone for three days. I must go to Antwerp." Here he faced me and I could see his face harden — still. The movement of his jaws showed he was gnashing his teeth. At his side, his fist tightened. Then he continued. "Lisa is not to see the Christian. And you, my wife, shall make sure of that." Picking up his travelling bag, he turned and walked through the door. I heard the front door close; in a few moments he walked by the window, down the stone path to the road and was gone. Yes, I was his wife. Twenty years before I

vowed to be loyal to him. But my daughter, I tell you, my lovely daughter. She who had been so happy when she told me that Peter was coming and said she loved him. And her eyes were alive with love. She who had been so happy at the station to greet Peter, to hold his hand and kiss. My daughter who was so happy to introduce Peter to her Father — now sleeping fitfully, no doubt, still dressed. Yes I was Joseph's wife. But my lovely daughter, my daughter... at least for three days I thought... he will never know... they will both be so happy... after that...?

And so it was. For three days I saw the colour return to Lisa's face as she returned each time from seeing Peter. I was yet too hesitant to have them in the house. After each time, she would curl her lovely body in a chair and flushed with excitement, tell me how she passed that day or evening with Peter. How they had walked by the river at the foot of the hills and Peter had kissed her many times. Or how they explored together the forests that were thickest midway up the hills that lay at the southern end of the town. Or just walked on any of the many roads till they tired and returned. I joyed to hear this from lovely Lisa. And each day ended with the night wrapping its dumb arms around two content women.

On the third night, a quick insistent knock at the door in-

terrupted Lisa's talk. When I undid the latch and opened the door, I gazed into Peter's pale animated face.

"Peter, what is it? You know you should not come here."

"I must come in. Please, I must come in now."

From his insistent tone and distraught expression, I knew something was amiss. I led him inside where immediately he rushed to Lisa and hugged her to his chest.

"Lisa," he murmured, kissing her, "Oh Lisa, my lovely woman." Then, sitting down, he turned to me, his frightened eyes. His face was desperate. A look foreign to a youth's face — especially one so in love. Breathlessly, he shot out, "the Germans are marching toward us!"

I couldn't believe him. True, all of us in the town knew that a war was possible, that it had been brewing for many months. But the chances somehow seemed so remote or so we wished them to appear. For the ensuing conflict seemed so far away. Now, before me, Peter was saying that they were marching down upon us. Suddenly I understood the urgency in Peter's eyes! How well he knew what was in store for us Jews, should we fall into the hands of the enemy. He understood what chance there was of his seeing us alive, but especially his Lisa. Now my frightened eyes focused intently on Peter and his Lisa who had her face buried in his chest.

"You, you in my house." Joseph stood towering in the doorway; his face unshaven, his

boots caked with mud and his clothes dusty. His eyes were bloodshot and animated with hatred. A muffled cry escaped my lips. Lisa raised her face from Peter's chest at the sound of Joseph's voice and turned a horrified look to Peter.

Joseph quickly entered the room and threw his travelling bag at his feet. He was seized with madness. I had seen Joseph angry — but never like this. Were Peter glass, he would have smashed him to bits.

"Joseph" I cried, "the enemy —"

"I know, woman" he silenced me. Then he turned to Peter.

"I warned you to stay out of my house, away from my daughter. I meant it for you — Christian."

Peter lowered Lisa to the chair. He turned to the hysterical Joseph, his youthful figure seemed rivetted to the ground. He spoke slowly, articulately saying each word deliberately to Joseph's face.

"I want your daughter. I want her for my wife."

"The Germans are coming," he continued, "they will be here within the week. I am Christian. You are Jewish. I have money and a means for certain escape. I want to marry your daughter right now. I will say she too is Christian. With me, she will be safe. But I must have her now."

Joseph had only half-listened. Mentally, he had well grasped that the enemy was near and the danger they presented. But emotionally he could only feel the Christian before him. To this hatred was now added Peter's demands. Uncontrollably, he screamed, moving threateningly towards Peter, breathing heavily.

"Never. Give my daughter to a Christian. My Jewish daughter as a Christian wife. Never. Out — out of my house."

"But Fool," Peter screamed, losing his composure, his whole body tense, his hands before him in a pleading obsequious gesture. (continued on page 15)

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# 'NEATH THE HILL

with **lew soroka** and **robert prinsky**

This column, which will appear weekly starting in January, will concern itself with commentary and discussion of current campus happenings. It will also try to scoop every other news medium at McGill. We hasten to inform the reading public that the opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the Managing Board.

From nine feet below the top of the pile of garbage that covers the Arts Building Common Room floor comes this, our first report of the situation there.

If you can not devour your lunch in three minutes flat, you are in trouble. If you can not unwrap your sandwiches, gulp them down along with some sort of a beverage, and heave your garbage in (or reasonably near) a wastebasket in less than one-twentieth of an hour, you are depriving some poor McGillian of his allotted time.

For if everyone who is entitled to do so decides to eat lunch in the Common Room, there will be less than three minutes for each one to partake of his repast. There is room to seat sixty students, and there are some 2000 males in Arts and Science. Hence, after careful calculations, we have arrived at that result stated above.

The situation is further compounded by the fact that some twenty per cent of the available seating space is piled up in a corner awaiting new legs and various other moderately essential parts.

## DOWN THE DRAIN

Last summer, the ASUS spent \$1300 to completely redecorate and refurnish their Common Room. This fall, students spent less than a week in wrecking a ghastly portion of the furniture. Wherein lieth the blame, friends?

We disagree with those who claim that the fault lies completely with the ASAS, or that it lies completely with the students. We feel that there are several factors contributing to the final result.

The fact is that the furniture was broken more from overuse than misuse. There is simply not enough room to take care of even the minimum number of students who currently use the place.

Further, the furnishings which have been provided are not exactly of the highest quality and stability, as even the ASUS executive now knows. Some of the chairs seem to crumble under the weight of two sandwiches and a paper cup, while others dissolve in spilled coffee.

The answer apparently lies in more space and better furniture. Why has this not been supplied?

## ANSWERS ?

To the former, the constant answer is that University Expansion will take care of all space problems. They tell us that the New Arts Building will include a large Common Room. But something should and can be done now.

The Engineers have solved this problem, and at the same time have done away with the fantastic amount of garbage which accumulates on the floor during the day. Eating has now been forbidden in their Common Room and lunches are now consumed at tables in their locker room.

Now it will probably be argued that the Plumbers have much more room in their new Palace to play around with than there is in the cramped quarters of the Arts Building. But if A & S men would look around, they would see that a space does exist.

## WASTED SPACE

There are over 300 empty lockers in the Arts locker room. If less than 200 of these were removed, and the space thus created were added to the free area which already exists, there would be room to sit 120 students at tables which could easily be provided.

This arrangement would provide twice the eating space currently available. Food would then be prohibited in the Common Room and it could be saved for less gastronomic activities; it might even become a truly common room; i.e., co-ed, for there is presently nowhere on campus where male and female students can sit together and talk.

We are happy to say that the ASUS is taking steps to remedy the furniture situation. During the Holidays all broken chairs will be repaired (some are already being fixed), and next summer, they plan to purchase some more sturdy equipment. The present facilities are an "experiment" they say, "and anyhow it's better than it ever was."

One point remains: the mountains of trash which litter the floor at all times. Although they are periodically picked up by the cleaning staff, such extra drudgery should not be necessary. The Common Room is for the common good. There is no excuse for the mess; wastebaskets are supplied. It is up to the individual student. Don't be like a girl in the Women's Common room who, when asked to pick up her garbage replied, "No sign says that."

**'ROUND THE GINKGO TREE:** Word from the Red and White Revue is that this year's show will be considerably shorter than last year's rambling monstrosity... Some factions in control of Model Parliament are trying to completely outlaw independents from running. Come on fellows, how undemocratic can you be? ... Anyone can get into Redpath's UL, simply showing an Unemployment Insurance card, or a YMHA card, or anything else that's pink and square... The enlightened remarks on the well that have habitually enlivened a student's trip through the Arts Tunnel are now conspicuously missing. Will it last?... Current plans for Winter Carnival do not include Mountain Night as has been the case in previous adventures of that type.

# The Census-Taker

(from Page 14)

"I want your daughter. I love her."

"Please, Father, please. I love him. I want to go with him, to be his wife," Lisa's voice broke into this masculine harangue. She moved over to Peter's side.

Joseph, his eyes ablaze with

whiteness, had not heard. I had never seen him so beside himself. To plead with him, to give Lisa to Peter, I saw would be useless. He was so obsessed — saturated with hate and madness.

Then Peter continued, his

voice abetted, "the Germans are coming. You know what it means to Jews. You know what they'll do to your daughter. Give her to me."

"Never. Again never" Joseph answered. "My daughter stays with me. I would never give her to you — you Christian dog, believer in Christ, tormentor of Jews. No. My daughter stays with me..."

"Then it's certain death" Peter broke in, his face showing how fully he understood and felt these last words.

"Let it be death."

My daughter, my lovely, lovely daughter... slaughtered I tell you... before my eyes... not ten feet from me. I still remember his face. He had laughed before he killed her. Before my eyes...

Here, I could show you a photograph. But no. You see my sister took it from me. She says it is no good. I must not think of those who are dead. Yes, this one is also beautiful. But, I tell you, my daughter, as beautiful as this one is, the other was ten times more.

But... continue your questions.

## Honourable Mention, Poetry

### Leaves On An Autumn Night

by **Foluso Olanrewaju Okulaja**

One by one they are nipped,  
and tipsily they tumble down.  
Their stems thud on the ground  
and over they topple.  
Only the day before, prostrate they clung  
to their bi-sexual parent's trunk  
With the obstinate ones yet aloft.  
Whom the gods love —  
are nipped in the bud !  
Here am I on the run  
(not far from doom)

to see a man (perhaps a bum),  
a swaying giant bloom  
under a patter of rain  
from a third-floor window  
that frames a host of mocking heads —  
Baubles. A humming car, throne of Azrael,  
With beamy orbs like suns, draws near;  
Schreeches, charges, stops dead.  
Whom the gods love —  
leave young like a bolt  
from the blue !

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### K's hidden weakness

Khrushchev is strong, says Stewart Alsop. But he has one great weakness. And he knows it. In this week's Saturday Evening Post, you'll read why the satellite nations are giving Kremlin big shots the jitters.

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## Players' Club Announces IVDL Script Deadline

The McGill Players' Club has announced that all scripts to be considered for entry to the Canadian Inter-Varsity Drama Festival, must be handed in no later than January 8.

Students who intend to submit scripts, are advised to notify the President, Ian K. Easterbrook, either in writing, or by telephoning VL 9-1791.

In accordance with tradition established in previous years, the one-act play will be premiered by an all-student cast, and will be directed by a student of the university.

For the last two years, *FORGE*, the campus literary magazine has printed the student-written play, "A Small Play For Large Egos" by Jeanne Pinneo in 1960, and "The People Are Not With Us" by James Rother in 1961. This year, editor Tadek Korn has agreed to again print the student-written script.

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# THE LANTERN

(From Page 9)

earth. Then inspired HE talked as he turned over.

"Wakened to the Sun," HE said, "I see his dark center; his lashes piece my lids and blind my eyes... When I ogle the Moon, she is aurated with beauty and colour... The divine creamy Moon is the angel of the high heavens; a soft lamp in the dark. Regulates and reigns in majesty... through the rhythm of evening...!"

Then Luna appeared to him. I must continue to dream, he thought in his dream. I must dream more, perhaps he will change his mind.

But tight-lipped Luna took him by the right hand, and they both floated into lunar space. Higher and higher. A gentle wind was now blowing and Luna disappeared in it, fluidified, but HE felt still the pressure of Luna's hand.

"Why is the lantern fluttering?" HE asked, looking at the moon and not knowing that Luna was gone. HE was about to turn his head when Luna's voice was borne to him on the crest of a gentle flurry.

"No, no!" the voice said. "Do not look back!" HE obeyed, took a few paces forward and found himself in the company of a very tall man.

"Hello!" said the very tall

man. "Who are you?" HE asked.

"I am surprised you ask—" "Sorry," HE said. "I don't know you."

"My name is Aratos." "O, my brother!" HE exclaimed, embracing him. "You'll have to forgive me. I've heard—"

"That's all right," the very tall man said, patting his back. "I did not see you coming," HE said. "How have you come?" "I just came, when I heard your voice." "You heard me!" HE said. "Really!" "You weren't talking low," the very tall man said. "It seemed as if you were shouting so the Sun and the Moon and their entire household could hear you." "I never knew I shouted that much," HE said. "But what do you think about—?"

"O, what I think!" the very tall man said. "I have always believed that all the signs through which the night whirls his car... bear on their beams true messages to Man!" "Et tu!" HE exclaimed.

"What do you mean by 'you too'?" the very tall man said. "It's not a very new idea. People have always known it; they just would never think about it. They've never ceased to show us, and we have never paid any heed to them. Now, they're forcing their ways on us, and we are helpless. They have something they call N-bomb."

"What do we do now?" "There isn't much time to talk," the very tall man said, "and as you very well know, Big Father is happy when we work hard."

"I'm sad," HE said, "that we must part so soon after—." "Cheer up, brother," the very tall man said. "It's not for ever. The future is here with us and we'll soon meet again. There

isn't much we can do now. So, go and tell all that you have seen and heard!"

The cock now shrilled loud to wake the Sun and all men from their sleep, and HE addressed them thus:

"I am only your messenger, but before me yet is the biggest painting, more flowing in colour than sunrise. I saw it only yesterday, in a new dimension when I was running your errand. It is on a glossy blue with every animal species honoured—including us. Even now, each sends me a sunny smile and say they are a happy group with each running its own course, having its own light, yet dependent. They shear same wide blanket over East, West, North and South and make no divisions under a common roof and erect neither barbed wire nor release tear-gas, except for the tears they shed for us as rain and snow to dust us clean.

"Alas, we have lost the likeness of our delicate-images..." Alanrewaju Okulaja.

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## Sophisticated Sophisms

by LINDALEE and NORMALLY

Now that the snows have finally arrived, you'd expect us to write all about such fascinating sports as skiing, skating, hockey, curling (for those of you who aren't enlightened, curling is the next best thing to twisting) and the other devious exercises one is expected to participate in with unmitigated enthusiasm.

For instance, the McGill Women's Ski Team is in the process of being handpicked and besides that, every book-worm, stack-room weary, smoking-lounge fatigued student who can hobble, sway, or twist is busily occupied in the pursuit of procuring ski equipment. It's enough to give a sane person an inferiority complex.

### HOCKEY

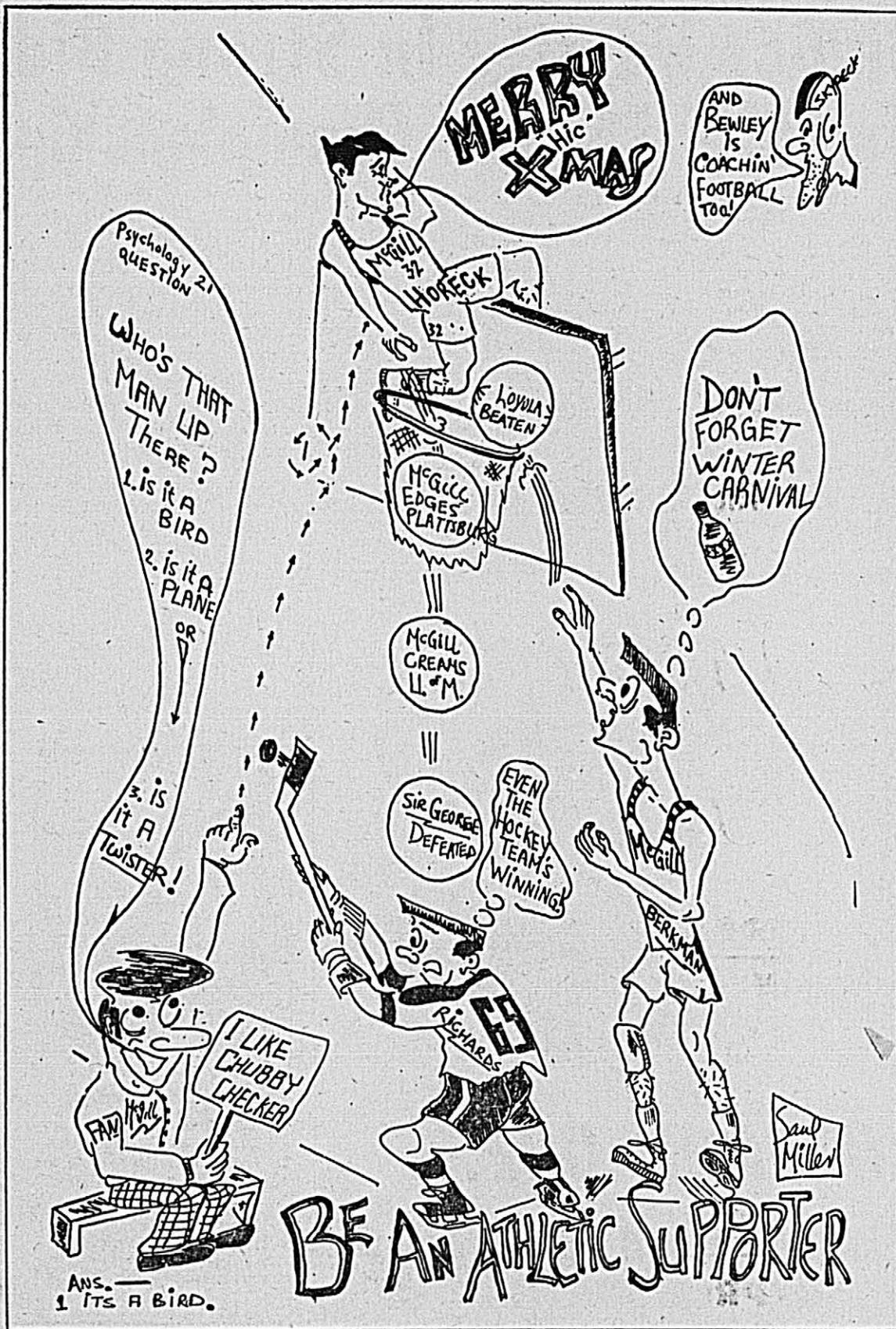
Moreover, we could write all about how, R.V.C. won the championship of the intramural league by defeating Arts and Science 1-0. The sudden death playoff game played on Friday saw Louise Forbes score the only goal. Moreover, the Inter-collegiate team will be chosen during the early practices immediately after the Christmas holidays. The team will have a full schedule next term, including trips to Queen's and O.A.C. in Guelph, plus local games with Sir George and Mac.

To continue in this inimitable trend, the Skating Club is beginning to practice its fancy figures in earnest for the Winter Carnival where it will perform a dazzling show as usual. For those of you who are contemplating joining the club, practices are held at the Winter Stadium twice a week.

### CURLING

To top it all off, we feel it to be our sacred duty to inform all of you about the advantages and favourable consequences of a sport that is all too often overlooked — curling. As we mentioned previously en passant, curling is the next best thing to twisting. It's really true! In fact, if you can't twist, you had better curl for not only does it build up inward strength, but it also alleviates inward tensions, frustrations and a host of other malignant maladies. Once you start sweeping on that ice, you can inadvertently practice a twisting movement, very slyly of course. You must admit that the situation has unlimited possibilities. But sadly enough, McGill does not as yet have a curling club (the W.A.A. is looking into the possibilities of establishing one) so you'll simply have to learn to twist.

As you see, we could have written a conventionally uninteresting column all about fascinating winter sports. But we won't. Instead, being imbued with a very humane impulse, we wish to take this opportunity to wish every one of our very many, many readers out there (we're not only humane, we're modest) an extremely rewarding holiday on those ski slopes (man-wise, that is), a Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year and all that. See you on the slopes!



## Aquabelles Big "Wheels" Swim Display Successful

McGill's aquabelles gave an outstanding display of swimming prowess at the W.A.A. watershow which took place on December 1. The commentator was Robert Aikman, President of the Phi Kappa Pi Fraternity.

The performance was based on the theme of "Wheels" each act having been designed to accent this. The first routine, entitled "Discovery" portrayed the invention of the round wheel. The swimmers were divided into two groups, boys carrying the square and triangular wheels and girls carrying round wheels.

"Wagon Train" was the title of the next act in which the swimmers appeared in poke bonnets and cowboy hats, seemingly ready for a journey to the West. Mary-Anne Squires and Ruth Corden appeared in "Shore Leave", and enacted, through excellent swimming, the parts of the two sailors glad to be free of their duties aboard ship. Jo Denny appeared in a solo "Show Boat", an interpretation of the play.

Following the intermission there was a faultless display of diving by Judy Irwin and Dorothy Roll. Many beautifully executed dives

were done such as the jackknife, somersault, and front header with pike. Both these girls are very proficient at diving, Dorothy having placed first in the Intercollegiate Diving Meet at Toronto, and Judy having come fourth.

At the beginning of "Richshaw", a routine done by Macdonald College, the narrator commented that life in the Orient would not be as dignified without the Richshaw carriage. Following this, the swimmers entered wearing red and white Oriental costumes and fanning themselves in true Far Eastern tradition. In the next act, "Bicycle Built For Two", Joanna Denny and Ellen Purdie "rode" out on a cardboard bicycle, and jumped into the water while still pretending to peddle their vehicle.

Jill Chaloner appeared next to do "Spinning Wheel", an act made very effective by her silver sequined suit and superb swimming. "Colour Wheel" was especially interesting because of the rain-

bow hue of colours worn by the girls. The performers began by sitting on chairs, and then slid into the water to create an impressive formation. In "Clockwork", Jill Chaloner, Mar Harris, and Nancy Korn represented the hands of a clock.

The finale, done by the entire cast, ended the performance more than adequately. Two groups of swimmers were formed, one on the right of the pool, and one on the left. The girls at the right did the sidestroke into a circular formation, and then turned on their backs to skull. Then the other group swam around them in perfect synchronization, to form a wheel.

The show was received well by the audience, and all who took part in it, behind the scenes or in the water are to be commended. A financial and artistic success is indeed the mark of a good show. "Wheels" qualified on both counts.

## Bewley...

(Continued from page 3)

tinually improved play in Big Four competition by winning the league scoring title in the '58 season.

Although Bill has not had any previous coaching experience, Griffiths still expressed confidence in Bewley's ability to build another Yates Trophy winner, which could prove quite a task with no less than 17 lettermen of the '61 club graduating.

### GRIFFITHS

As Griffiths said, "After all, Bud Grant hadn't coached before he went to Winnipeg and he has done pretty well. Bruce Coulter hadn't coached before he came to us four years ago and he turned out to be one of the most successful coaches we have ever had."

Needless to say, Bill Bewley will get all the support he needs in his new venture. His appointment at McGill is for one year. His first chore will be to select his assistant coaches, which he'll do in conjunction with Mr. Griffiths.

We of the Daily, along with the entire student body, wish you, Bill Bewley, a long and most successful stay at McGill. GOOD LUCK, BILL!

### BASKETBALL GAME TONIGHT

McGill meets the Plattsburgh Teachers tonight, in a return match held in the U.S. village. This is the last game before New Year's.

## McGill Beats Mac 1-0 In Season's Opener At Currie

At the opening of the Women's Open Basketball League held on the 30th of November, the McGill Seniors clashed with Macdonald and came out on the right side of a 29-16 score. The game was marked by fouls on both sides. The defensive squad put on a fine show and is to be commended Jean Taylor of the Red and White held the guards together to limit the opposing team to a mere 16 points.

Dot Pryde and Sue Porter were the sure markers for McGill, scoring 12 and 9 points for McGill.

Showing a well-rounded team in the opening match, McGill could go all the way. In any case, the Red and White squad is one with which opposing teams would do well to reckon.

### REDMEN HOCKEY

The next Redmen Hockey games will take place December 28, 29, and 30, in Troy, New York. Competing in the Annual R.P.I. Christmas Invitational Tourney, the Redmen will oppose Michigan, R.P.I., and Yale.



# Junior Varsity In Strong Bid To Hold League Championship

This year's aggregation of McGill's Junior Varsity Basketball squad has shown throughout this season's play, a fighting, well-balanced type of game which has so far led them to a first place tie with Sir George Williams University, their perennial rivals.

At the close of the first half of the season, the Indians are sporting a 3-1 record, having defeated Loyola twice by wide margins, winning excitingly over Sir George, and losing to St. Joseph Teacher's College, a game in which the McGills hit on a poor 16% average.

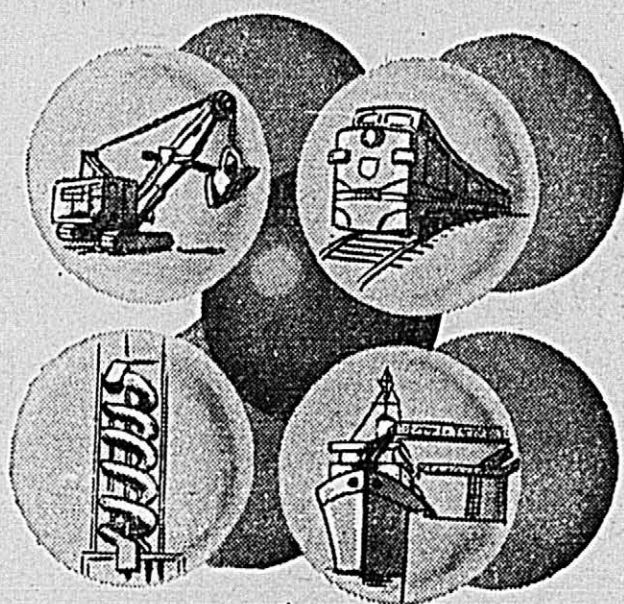
In their opener against Loyola, coach Neil MacGregors cagers showed a lot of class in winning by an overwhelming 40-22 count. Leading the onslaught was Brian Pilgrim with 22 points. Also ef-

fectual in this game were Bob Mingle and Peter Math, who controlled the backboards, thereby giving McGill the ball for a majority of the time.

The Indians' second outing against Sir George resulted in a comeback 64-54 win, with McGill's forces showing a superlative calibre of play, and completely dominating the game on a strong offensive and extremely effective rebounding. Sparking the Indian attack was Pete Math, who garnered 16 points.

Against St. Joseph Teacher's College, the Indians were hopelessly outclassed by the well-organized and well-balanced St. Joseph manoeuvres. McGill seemed disorganized in this meeting and was not able to muster a strong attack at any time throughout the entire game, thus losing 40-33.

Finally, last week's second game with Loyola brought into focus a new light on the Indian squad in the person of Dan Fleming, who led the scoring for the night with a 15 point outburst. This was a fast game, in which McGill amassed a 38-12 lead at the half. The Indians then opened quickly, striking for 17 points in a row before a Loyola retaliation, the final score 72-25 in favour of McGill.



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## Intramural Highlights

by TOM LOCKWOOD

Three games were contested in Ice Hockey this past week with Arts and Science being involved in two of them. In the first encounter, they topped Architecture to the tune of 3-1.

Scotty McRae and John Smith lead the attack with one goal and one assist. Larry Knight provided the third tally for the victors while Bob Skanes counted the lone mark for the losers. In their other game, the team from Arts and Science were held to a 1-1 tie by the boys from Commerce.

In another contest, Law edged Architecture 3-2. Rich Bowie headed the victors with one goal and one assist, while Angus and Epstein rounded out the scoring. For the losers, Mark Werlman scored both goals, with Ken McReynolds assisting on each effort.

Floor Hockey was also much in evidence this past week. The Sappers under the guidance of Art Dufays topped the Atoms 2-1. The Atoms made a determined effort to get into the fray in the third period with one goal but this proved to be insufficient to overcome the two goal deficit to which they had plunged at this juncture. Architecture emerged the winners from their match with the 4-Cycles by the score of 4-3. Jerry Dippel along with Petro and Adams, led the Inlays from Dentistry to a 3-2 victory over the R.C.L.'s.

The last scene of action was in Volleyball where a full schedule of games was slated. Electric 5 won by default over Med 1. In other matches the Shysters defeated Education by the scores of 15-10 and 15-9; the Vikings accomplished a like feat when they crushed the Generals 15-5 and 15-9. The only lopsided contest of the week occurred when the Bankers humiliated Dent 1 15-2 and 15-8.



**Is old age slowing up the Celtics?** Bob Cousy is 33. Teammate Carl Braun is even older. Will old age put an end to the Boston Celtics' winning streak? Coach Red Auerbach reports in this week's Saturday Evening Post.

SPECIAL: 1962 CALENDAR PAGES  
Dec. 16 issue The Saturday Evening POST

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Xmas' Xams

### BADMINTON NOTICE

Intramural tournaments will be held from January 9 to 23. Girls wishing to enter sign the list on RVC notice board before December 20. Men sign at the Currie Gym.

### FLOOR HOCKEY

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 13  
Gym, 7:00 pm — RLC vs Bankers  
8:20 pm — 4 Cycles vs Sappers  
9:00 pm — Crescents vs Architecture

### VOLLEYBALL

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 13  
ct. 1 — Generals vs Dent 2A  
ct. 2 — Shysters vs Vikings

### THURSDAY, DEC. 14

ct. 1 — Mops vs Peop  
ct. 2 — Dent 1 vs 4 Cycles  
**ICE HOCKEY**  
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Thurs. — Com. vs Law  
Fri. — Arch. vs Eng.

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# SPORTS BEAT

by BOB COHEN

Well, the big news is out. Bill Bewley has been named head coach of the McGill Football Redmen for the 1962 season. Mr. Harry Griffiths, McGill's Athletics Director, announced the ex-Alouette and Toronto Varsity star's appointment at a press conference last Wednesday evening.

Bewley's signing has been enthusiastically received by local sports buffs. People closely associated with university Athletics scene, press, radio and television seem to be pleased with the coaching selection. This writer is sorry that he cannot express the same keenness.

The record shows Bill Bewley to have been a fine football player in his competitive days. He caught on with the Alouettes after a sparkling intercollegiate career at the University of Toronto. Bewley's kicking and running ability won him berths on the 1957 and 1958 Big Four All-Star teams. He won the league scoring title in 1958.

## IMPRESSIVE CREDENTIALS, BUT...

With such an impressive set of credentials to back him up, it seems superfluous to say that Bewley must know one heck of a lot about the game of football. It is reasonable to assume that this knowledge will make him a fine football coach.

This is the beef. If you plan to have a winning football team, you must have a fulltime football coach. Coaching successfully is a twelve month a year job.

We tend to see only one side of coaching job — the active part during the football season. Needless to say, this is an important aspect of the position. Recruiting talent is the other side of the job — the side we tend to forget.

Bewley has a wife and two children to look after. He will not be earning the bulk of his living coaching the McGill football team. He has a job to attend to. We feel that the end of the playing season will end Bewley's coaching activities. This is where McGill is going to lose out.

The off season is the time when football coaches have the opportunity to travel and speak to prospective talent. Make no mistake about it, boys and their parents want to speak to the coach and nobody else.

Just a glance at last year's championship roster will show you what we're driving at. The backbone of the team was recruited by Larry Sullivan when he was McGill's last fulltime football coach. Bewley isn't expected to devote any time to concentrated active recruiting between November and August.

The resulting makeshift talent hunting arrangement seems to spell a lot of trouble for the Redmen of a few years hence.

## BAD PUBLICITY

In "A Textbook of Psychology", McGill's erudite Professor D. O. Hebb has this to say about experimental subjects.

"The subject may be irritated and show no clear sign of it; a slight further irritant is added, not in itself enough to produce a strong response, and a burst of anger appears." We don't like to knock the University but...

The Athletics department's publicity system must be conservatively termed the most inept of its kind — anywhere. Every season, we get brochures from the various athletics departments outlining their teams' past records, individual records, etc. McGill likewise produces brochures, somewhat below par. This really isn't too much cause for concern.

During the various seasons, we get weekly bulletins from some of the Universities outlining recent developments. This university can boast of no such communication. This also isn't too much cause for concern.

However, when we consider this year's basketball brochure, we can't maintain our already somewhat ruffled composure. This effort is undoubtedly one of the sickest possible. In fact, we refuse to believe that anything from anywhere was ever worse until we see it.

The outline is solidly packed with trivia. At least every other athlete is described as a boy with a lot of desire. Indeed this must be the most hepped up team in the history of sport. Nowhere is mention made of shooting percentages, foul shot percentages and other select bits of important information.

## WHAT ACCURACY?

The most annoying bit of all though, is the sickening inaccuracy of the information that is included. Doyle Perkins, the finest backcourt man to come along in quite a while really gets trampled on.

Perkins is a native of Seattle, Washington. The Brochure has his hometown listed as California. Well, who knows. Maybe there is some hamlet called California. We know of a Naples, Maine. But since Seattle and the state of California are both on the Pacific Coast, the Brochure probably refers to the latter. As much as we'd like to, we don't quite have the space to go into a sufficiently detailed account of the geographical divisions of the U.S.A.

Anyway, Season's Greetings!

# Basketball Redmen Win Two As Berkman Stars

by MIKE LEVINSON

The Redmen basketball squad has been extremely active in the last two weeks while playing three games. Of these, the Red and White won two.

**ACADIA WINS — BERKMAN**  
Last Friday night, while the Redmen pucksters were busy trouncing Laval University, their brother hoopsters were in Wolfville Nova Scotia being trounced by a powerful Acadia University Axemen team by a count of 94-50 in an exhibition game.

Although the score was one-sided and although McGill had an off-night as a team, there was a bright light shining through the otherwise gloomy atmosphere — Bob Berkman. Bob, who notched 51 points earlier this season in a game against the University of Montreal Carabins, accounted for 34 against the Axemen.

**MCGILL VICTORS**  
On December 2, the Redmen played host to "their perennial rivals below the border, the Platts-

burg Teachers" and eked out a thrilling victory 84-80.

This game was possibly the upset of the year, as the Plattsburg team was a heavy favourite to win. This was the first victory for the Redmen over the New Yorkers in a number of years.

The game was intensely exciting and the McGill team had to stage a come from behind rally to win it. Plattsburg carried the game for the first half of play, but after that, thanks to the sharp-shooting of Ron Horek, McGill came back. Horek connected for 15 points in the second half, after experiencing a rather dismal first frame in which he managed a mere two.

Bob Berkman led the McGill scorers in the game with 33. He was followed by Horek who had

17. Although these two accounted for a total of 50 points, it was a real team effort on the part of the Redmen.

## WARRIORS LOSE

On December 5, the Loyola Warriors clashed with McGill for the second time this season, McGill winning 81-59. The game was a poorly played affair with few exciting plays and very little good basketball.

Bob Berkman led the scorers for McGill with 19, while teammate Ron Horek was right behind with 18.

Today the McGill Redmen will be travelling to Plattsburg for a return match with the Teachers. The Redmen are presently on top of the city league, standing with a 4-0 record, followed by Sir George with a 3-1 record.

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# Pucksters Tie Blues For First Place

by LENNY FLANZ

Coach Kelly Burnett and his hockey Redmen are breathing the thin air of the stratosphere these days as McGill and Toronto are currently tied for first place in the Intercollegiate loop. Varsity and McGill each have four points, but the Blues hold a game in hand, having played only two games to McGill's three.

The Redmen derailed the Rouge et Or express last Friday evening, defeating the Laval crew 5-2 in a hard hitting encounter before 750 enthusiastic fans. Larry Jones and Mike Thibodeau were the big guns for the Redmen with a pair apiece, while Goulding Lambert picked up a singleton for his first goal of the year.

To date, the Redmen have met Laval twice, winning one and losing the other, beating the University of Montreal in their only other game.

## LINES SHUFFLED

Burnett has shuffled his line slightly due to an injury to Jim O'Reilly and has formed a new line out of what used to be the third and fourth lines. O'Reilly has been forced to sit out the

last two games because of an injured foot. The club's first line is composed of John Gilfillan, Thibodeau and Jones, the second of Tim Peters, Dave Flam and Dave Kerr, who is replacing O'Reilly, and the third line is made up of Colin Moseley, Rich Juliani and Lambert.

The goaltending was solid all the way through on Friday night, and it would be gilding the lily to say anything more than that Alex Herron turned in another spectacular night in the Redmen nets.

## FLAM IMPROVED

Before turning to a consideration of the defense, we feel that we must say a word or two about Dave Flam. Without a doubt, Flam is the most improved player on the team. After two seasons of mediocrity, he is enjoying a brilliant start and is one of the outstanding players on the ice. Aside from taking his regular turn with his line, Flam also did a tremendous job as a penalty killer. The improved right-winger seems to thrive on hard work and is looking better each time out.

Konyk, Maughan, Richards, McLernon and Bell were the mainstays on defense. Konyk continues

to turn in his amazing performances and proved once again last Friday that his presence is absolutely invaluable to the team. "The Cannon" played his regular shift on defense, killed penalties, started plays rolling from deep in his own zone, set up the forwards, continuously broke up Laval players, and served as partial goaltender.

G. B. Maughan is proving convincingly that Flam doesn't have a monopoly on improvement. Maughan

was a tower of strength on defense, playing his position confidently, and handing out bone-jarring checks.

## ACTION OVER HOLIDAYS

Intercollegiate league action resumes after the Christmas holidays, and for the first time in a number of years the Redmen will not be idle during the holidays. On December 28, 29, 30 the team travels to Troy, N.Y. to compete in the annual R.P.I. Christmas Invitational Tourney. McGill will

be facing tough opposition as they will be opposing Michigan, currently the no. 1 team in the United States, R.P.I., and Yale.

## Intercollegiate Hockey League Standings

|             | G | W | L | T | F  | A  | Pts |
|-------------|---|---|---|---|----|----|-----|
| Toronto ..  | 2 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 12 | 5  | 4   |
| McGill ...  | 3 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 11 | 11 | 4   |
| Laval ..... | 3 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 9  | 11 | 2   |
| U of M .... | 2 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 6  | 12 | 0   |

## Defencemen On The Offensive



Defenceman G. B. Maughan seen passing the puck to John Gilfillan (foreground). Claude Duguay is the Laval player. With Maughan and the rest of the McGill defence much improved this year, the Redmen should be a real threat for the title.

## League's Leading Scorer



Larry Jones of the Redmen, who leads the Intercollegiate League in scoring with four goals and four assists, is seen carrying the puck in Friday's encounter with Laval.

## Montreal Barber Shop



## GRADUATING ENGINEERS AND HONOUR CHEMISTRY MEN

## PROCTER & GAMBLE COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

HAMILTON, ONTARIO

— POINTE CLAIRE, QUEBEC

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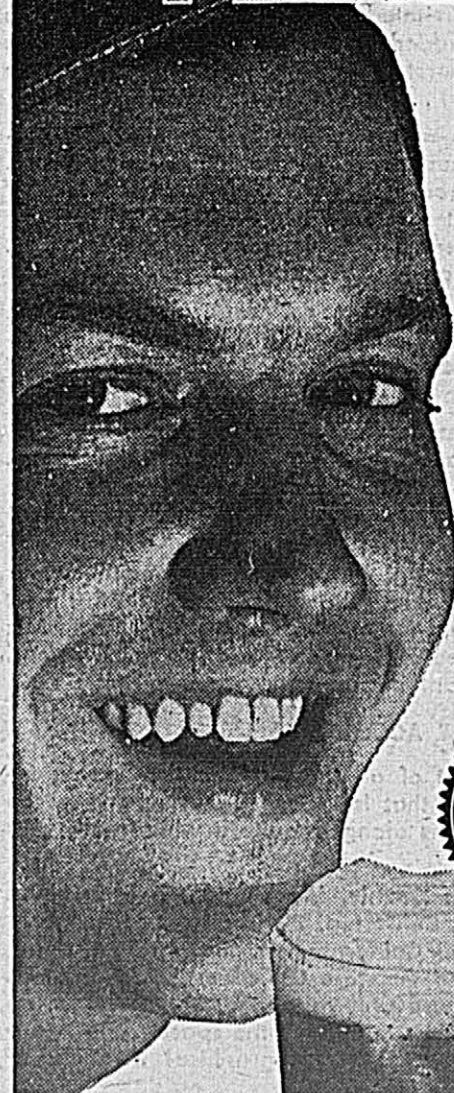
INDUSTRIAL ENGINEERING

Company representatives will be present for campus

INTERVIEWS JANUARY 3, 4, 5, 6

Personal interviews may be arranged through your Placement Office

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